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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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## SHAVERS AND ENSLAVERS.

THE DOUBLE DUTY PERFORMED IN A NEW YORK BARBER'S SHOP BY THE FASCINATING DAUGHTERS OF A TONSORIAL PROFESSOR OF  
ADVANCED IDEAS AND LIBERAL VIEWS.





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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,  
183 WILLIAM STREET,  
NEW YORK.

F. THEODORE WALTON, who made £93,000 in betting on the English turf, has returned to New York, where he is a hotel proprietor.

A TRAIN of seventeen cars was ditched near San Antonio, Texas, by a broken beam and half the cars were crushed into fragments.

FRANK PEARCE, a white outlaw of Marlboro county, South Carolina, was shot dead by State Constable Chisholm, who attempted his arrest.

AMONG the prehistoric remains brought to Milwaukee from the quarry at Montello, Wis., are the bones of several giants and stone hammers and axes.

A WELL in San Antonio, Texas, contains quicksilver in large quantities and opinions differ as to whether it is a natural deposit or reveals a plot to poison the family.

A DESPATCH from Steubenville, Ohio, says a policeman there the other night lost his pocketbook containing \$195. The question suggests itself, Who had he been holding up?

LIEUT. LUKE CLARK, of the United States army, threw himself in front of a moving train at Bucyrus, O., and was cut to pieces. For three months he had been engaged in courting a lady.

TUCKER BASHAW, one of the Glendale train robbers who turned States' evidence against Bill Ryan, has been forced to flee from the region of Independence, Mo., by threatening letters from the James gang.

THE police of New York report for Sunday that a centenarian was burned to death, that an Italian immigrant was found dying of starvation in the street and that Judge Daly's residence in Brooklyn was set on fire.

GEO. PARRONS, a crazy man of Gloucester, Mass., escaped and put out to sea in a dory one day last week with neither oars nor rowlocks. His father found the dory sinking late at night and his crazy son clinging to it, nearly drowned.

It is no longer James Gordon Bennett; it is now James Gordon-Bennett. Sweet are the uses of the hyphen. If James had inherited nothing but a paste-pot and a tailor's bill he would never have thought of that hyphen. As it is, there is much aristocracy in that hyphen.

A NOTED unfortunate of Springfield, Ill., Popcorn Sedgwick, is dead, his body having been found in a pasture where it had lain for three days. He was once an inmate of the lunatic asylum at Jacksonville. He will be buried by the Masonic order.

PARLEY HICKS thought he saw his daughter walking with a forbidden lover on a dark night. He stole up behind the pair with a club, broke the young man's skull and knocked the girl down before discovering that they were not the persons he had taken them for.

THE announcement was made at Madison, O., which is in the late President Garfield's own Congressional district, that the assassination would be represented at the theatre in the form of a tragedy, but so much public indignation was excited that the manager gave up the project.

THE farmers of Maine ought to put up a monument in honor of the caterpillars which devastated their apple orchards a few years ago, for since that time the trees have regularly borne in what are elsewhere "off years." This year's crop of apples is enormous, the quality is superb, and the farmers are getting \$3 a barrel at their own doors, owing to the scarcity everywhere else.

Two young women, Jennie Smith and Addie Sherwood, are conducting a revival at the Waugh Methodist Church, Washington. A further attraction is Johnny Noogle, the converted sailor boy, said to be a superior to Harrison, the boy preacher, as a fervid exhorter, with the advantage of a remarkably wicked career as a source of example. The conversions are numerous.

LORENZO BASSETT, of North Haven, Conn., proceeded in company with a clergyman to the house of his inamorata to be married according to agreement, but the girl insisted on a postponement until a later date, but when that arrived she flatly refused to marry, notwithstanding Bassett had made all preparation, even to lighting the fires in the new house which was to be their home.

AT midnight a short time ago, at Marlboro, N. Y., a loud report, similar to the sound of a blast, was heard in Main street. In the cemetery there was a hole about four feet square and two feet deep. It was found that a rock weighing two hundred pounds had been moved a considerable distance. The people are anxious to learn what caused the report and what made the hole and sent the rock such a distance.

KATE DEERING's mother and Wm. Peddicord of Baltimore have for three years been trying to convince her that she is Peddicord's wife. They insist that she went with him to the Rev. Dr. Barclay's residence, where a marriage rite was performed; but she declares that there was no ceremony, and the clergyman corroborates her. She never acknowledged Peddicord as her husband and now a court decides that he isn't, thus implicating the mother in a trick.

AN elderly crank resident in New York has a very pretty scheme for gaining a grant of a million acres of land in the Yellowstone valley, getting \$1,500,000 thereon from Government, setting up a commission of one from each State and starting the biggest benevolent enterprise upon the premises the world ever heard of. This ancient lunatic should be put in conference with the parties who propose to move the mouth of the Chicago river upon a wheel-barrow. They would fraternize.

A WIDOW of two months' standing in Sullivan county, New York, took it into her head to marry again. She found her man and when the couple appeared before the dominie to be made one his reverence suggested that as her husband had been dead only two months it didn't look well for her to marry again. "Ah, Dominie," replied the widow, "you forget to give me credit for the ten

months my husband lay sick." The woman was ahead, as usual, and the couple were married then and there.

BRADHAUR accepted an invitation to dine with Froberg at Columbia, S. C. The meal passed pleasantly and a bottle of wine was drunk. The subject of baptism came up and one held that immersion was the only proper mode, while the other argued that sprinkling answered the purpose quite as well. They grew earnest and then angry. Bradhaur withdrew in a rage. Froberg followed him into the dooryard, where his antagonist stabbed him with a knife. Froberg hastily got a gun and shot Bradhaur. The baptismal question, however, was not settled.

It Guiteau is pretending to be crazy he is following an ancient example which probably occurred to him while studying the Scriptures. We read in the Bible that after David had obtained the sword of Goliath and before he fled to the cave of Adullam, being sore afraid of Achish, the king of Gath, he "changed his behavior before them and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrambled on the doors of the gate and let his spittle fall down upon his beard." Whether Guiteau's resort to the insanity dodge will be as successful as David's was remains to be seen.

THE sad ending of a wedding feast is the latest sensation of Greenup county, Ky. Allen Richards was married to Mrs. Ellen Burke, a widow, at her residence one night last week. The parties being of prominence in the neighborhood, an extensive celebration of the nuptials was being had, when Samuel Burke, a son of the bride, got into an altercation with his step-father. The wedding was broken up in consequence. Several shots were fired. Young Burke was shot in the breast and is not expected to live, and the newly-married couple have separated.

WM. KENNEDY, of Fall River, Mass., a seaman on the United States ship Richmond, is a lucky mariner. He has just returned to his home in the possession of an authentic and well-preserved mermaid, whom he captured in the Yang-tse-Kian river in May, 1879. The individual evidently died young, for her length is only 14 inches, but in respect to her attractions he would be a bold man who should venture to say "pooh-pooh to you." The head, neck, elbows and palms are covered with fine hair and the lower part of the body with silvery scales. The breasts are well defined and the features although somewhat wizened are not without force and character. It is painful to add that the eyes have shrunk away. Mr. Kennedy has been offered \$100 for this fascinating creature, not including the alcohol in which she is preserved, but he has rejected with proper scorn this contemptible proposition.

THE deacons of the Baptist church at Champaign, Ill., quietly requested the Rev. I. S. Mahan to resign the pastorate and he did so, but afterwards he said publicly that he was the victim of persecution. A trial before the church tribunal is therefore to be had. The charge is that he is bold, if not wicked in his attentions to women. "Though he isn't handsome," says one of the deacons, "he is full of palaver and tricks. He can help a lady over a muddy crossing with the grace of a city beau, clasp her around the waist with the charming fervor of a Broadway policeman, and shake hands with her in the most captivating manner. Shaking hands is his forte. Mahan is not pretty to look at but he has winning ways." A peculiarity of the trial will be that the testimony will all be given by women not members of the church. "You see," explains the deacon already quoted, "we want to keep the matter as much outside our church as possible. We could call plenty of our own members as witnesses, but we don't want to hurt their feelings if it is possible."

SEASONING.

THE devil has one redeeming trait—he never gives a boarder a cold room.

SHE was the typo's first mash, but her mother came round and stopped the press.

A TEXAS man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.

SPEAKING of an officer of the militia who appeared on parade, a young lady said: "He is a living chromo."

A SOUTH End maiden wants to know how to avoid having a monstache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, sis.

"SIX girls" is the title of the latest novel. It is expected that a sequel entitled "Our Broken Gate" will be issued soon.

A STRANGER asked an Andover boy: "Senny, what is the quickest way to get to the central depot?" "Run!" he answered.

"Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the house of his girl about seven nights per week.

A PROSPECT of a light audience will give any prima donna in the land a very sore throat and adjourn the concert, per order physician's certificate.

THE Boston Star knows of a servant girl who has remained in one family thirty-one years. We presume she is married to the head of the family.

"Is your father a Christian?" said a gentleman to a little boy on one occasion. "Yes, sir," said the little boy; "but I believe he has not worked much at it lately."

THERE is something radically wrong about our professions when a pious minister only gets forty cents for joining a couple and a wicked lawyer gets \$40 for untying the same.

"MADAM, your fare," said a street car conductor, yesterday. "Well, I don't care if I am," was the reply of the lady from the country, "you needn't say so before all these people."

"MA," remarked a New Haven belle, "do you know what has become of that old trunk lid of grand-ma's? It would make a beautiful hat for the theatre with a few feathers on it."

"I HAVEN'T seen you at church, lately, Mr. Fogg," said Parson Shallowtext. "No," replied Fogg. "I read in the newspaper that physicians say it is not healthy to sleep in the daytime."

A PENNSYLVANIA seven-year-old was reproved lately for playing outdoors with boys; she was too big for that now. But with all the imaginable innocence she replied: "Why, grandma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

AN eccentric minister was called upon to marry three couples at once. The parties were standing around promiscuously, waiting for the arrival of the minister, and when he came in he marched up to them exclaiming: "Sort yourselves."

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife beside mother?" "No, my boy, what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anno Domini, in 1837, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a ready, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills. "A considerable carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

"My wife won't even hear of my going to the theatre with another lady," said Gallagher. Ragbag didn't seem to construe Gallagher's remark aright, for he said, "Won't, eh? Don't you be too sure of it. I thought my wife wouldn't, but she did, and I had a fearful time of it."

A NEGRO was suspected of surreptitiously meddling with his neighbor's fruit, and being caught in a garden by moonlight, nonplussed the detectors by raising his eyes, clasped his hands and piously exclaiming: "Good heavens, dis yere darkey can't go nowhere to pray without bein' starved."

A YANKEE who had never paid more than a shilling to see an exhibition went to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket seller charged him three shillings for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister. I don't want to see the other 39," and out he marched.

"Go into the room and bring that cake off the table," said an Austin mother to her son. "It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room." "Go into that room this instant, or I'll go and bring out the strap." "If you bring out the strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring the cake, along, too."

"I KNOW," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper-table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks." Then there was a silence and the Limburger cheese might have been heard scrambling around in its tin-box on the cupboard shelf.

A SHORT time since two young ladies were accosted by a gypsy woman, who told them that for a shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pall of water, which being brought they exclaimed: "We only see our own faces." "Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands when you are married."

"MARY, bring Mrs. Smith a glass of wine," (Exit Mary.) "You must be so tired after your walk," (Mary brings it.) "Not that way, my child. You should always bring it in on a plate or a saucer." (Exit Mary.) "She is very willing, but really she knows so little," (Mary re-entering with wine in soup-plate.) "Shall I bring a spoon, ma'am, or will the lady lap it up?"

"WHAT the blazes do you want the nomination for? You're sure to be defeated at the polls." So said Ragbag to young Symonds. "Yes," said Symonds. "I know it, but I must have the nomination. You see, I'm engaged to be married and I want to get out of it, and if I run for office the opposition papers will give me such a horrid bad character that the girl won't have me any way. Catch the idea?"

His mother and her maiden sister were sitting together, the latter sewing and the former reading an account of the flying ants at Winnipeg, when the younger, turning to the spinster, remarked: "Aunt Bettie, I want to tell you something." "Very well, dear." "You're an aunt, ain't you?" "Yes, dear," she responded smilingly. "Well, I guess dad's awful sorry you ain't one of the flying kind."



## HUSH MONEY;

OR,

## THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

## CHAPTER III.

## A BLOOD-STAINED KNIFE.

At fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock on the night of January 15th, 1879, Officer Michael Monaghan, No. 888 of the Metropolitan Police, began to get disgusted with the weather.

To be sure Officer Monaghan had only been on duty some fifteen minutes, but even that brief space was sufficient to satisfy him that he had no great partiality for midnight snow-storms.

The beat of No. 888 comprised that section of Sixth avenue on the west side from Amity to Eighth streets, and there were several eligible resorts on line with it where warmth and spiritual comfort could be enjoyed, but—

Officer Monaghan had lately been before the Police Commissioners for having been in a bar-room instead of on his post while a citizen was having his skull battered in by some unknown gentlemen who had taken a fancy to his watch and purse, and having only escaped dismissal from the force by "the skin of his teeth," as he himself poetically expressed it, he had no desire to repeat the experience.

Consequently, though he cast longing eyes at the illuminated windows whose lights winked invitingly to him through the falling snow, while alluring legends of hot drinks at reduced rates paraded themselves among the drifts at the doors, a stern sense of his duty to himself compelled him to steel his heart against temptation and plod by.

"There's no law agin my standin' in a doorway though," he said to himself, "an' I call to mind that there's a good deep one to the undertaker's shop below. I'll take a rest there, bedad."

In pursuance of this resolve he crossed Fourth street and trudged down the avenue to the shelter he had in his mind, which, as he suggested, was the deep doorway of an undertaker's establishment, the said establishment being situated almost opposite the termination of Amity street.

He was congratulating himself on his brilliant forethought in having recollected this warm corner when a blood-freezing gust of wind blew him fairly into it.

And also, to his infinite disgust, into the very arms of some one who had got there before him.

The tenant of the doorway uttered an angry growl, and Officer Monaghan waxed wroth. "Devil fire ye!" he exclaimed. "What are ye doin' here at this time o' night, say?"

"God help me! I was trying to get a little rest," returned the stranger, with a sigh so deep and long that it seemed to be extracted from somewhere in the region of his broken boots.

"A little rest, is it?" snorted No. 888. "Oh, give us a rest, do. Who the blazes are ye, anyway?"

"Nobody," responded the other, briefly. "An' is that the name ye would give to the sergeant if I brought yez up?"

"Take me up and try," was the reckless retort.

"Faith I may before I get through," remarked Officer Monaghan, feeling for the handle of his club. "I don't see the reason why I shouldn't, anyway me buckeen."

The stranger moved slightly out so that the dim light of the storm-blown street lamp directly in front of the door rested on him, and without altering his quiet voice in the least, said:

"But I do."

He was a tall man of perhaps thirty-five, slender but muscular of build, with a face handsome in spite of the wanness of dissipation which clouded it, and the wiry three-days beard which darkened its jaws.

A threadbare frock-coat, shiny from long wear, and with bursted seams, was buttoned to his throat, while a pair of very old tweed pantaloons encased his legs and fell upon boots so battered and split that they scarcely covered the wearer's feet.

On the head of this individual was perched a silk hat, ancient and half napless, and a tangle of wavy brown hair descended from under the battered brim almost to his shoulders.

To say that he was dumbfounded would but imperfectly express the emotion with which the shabby stranger's temerity inspired Officer Monaghan.

As he afterwards explained, he was literally paralyzed.

It was a couple of minutes before he recovered his mental equilibrium sufficiently to gasp:

"An' is it me yer a chinnin' to, ye blaggard?"

"You're about the only thing I see around," responded the shabby man, contemptuously diving his hands deep into his pockets and burying his head between his shoulders with a shudder.

"Thing, is it?" cried the officer. "Devil roast ye; take that! I'll tache yez to be loafin' in doorways at this time o' night, I will."

And he aimed a blow with his club at the stranger's head.

In a minute more something happened to No. 888 which had not only never happened to him before, but which he had never even dreamed was possible.

Instead of quietly submitting to be clubbed, the stranger swiftly withdrew his hands from his pockets and, warding off the club with one, planted a terrific blow between his assailant's eyes with the other.

Officer Monaghan, with a million stars dancing before his dazed gaze, was knocked clean across the sidewalk and tumbled head first into a snow bank where he stuck, the only visible part of him being his legs, which were kicking vigorously.

The stranger made a movement as if to complete his victory by further violence, when the sharp ringing of a roundsman's club against the lamp-post at the corner above reached his ears.

"You'll do for the present," he muttered. "You're not worth my getting into trouble about. I'll leave you for your friends to fish out."

And he plunged into the snow to cross the street.

A train was just turning the curve into Amity street on the elevated road, and the wind of its progress combining with the gale which swept savagely down the avenue whirled the snow up in a blinding cloud.

With closed eyes and a curse on the weather the shabby man groped blindly forward.

He had just plundered through the deep drift to the other side of the track when some heavy body struck him on the head with tremendous violence, rolling him headover in the snow.

With a vague idea that it was his late victim who might have managed to extricate himself and follow his assailant to take vengeance on him the shabby man reached out and gripped someone by the throat as he fell, dragging him with him.

It was not Officer Monaghan though, but a man who had just leaped from the track of the road, twenty-five feet overhead, and landed on top of the seedy man's battered hat.

"Let me go," exclaimed the aerial voyager as the pair floundered in the snow; "curse you, what do you mean? Let go of me I say."

"I hear you say so," responded the dilapidated stranger calmly, taking a firmer hold of his opponent's collar. "But I want to have a say in the case myself."

And scrambling with his feet he jerked the other up after him, with a violence that fairly made his teeth chatter.

There was a street lamp at the corner, and forcing his new acquaintance into the circle of flickering light it radiated, the shabby man looked at him, still holding him by the throat.

All that he could see was a shape swathed in a voluminous ulster, now covered with snow, and a pale face almost entirely concealed by a fur cap with broad flaps drawn down over the ears.

"Well, upon my soul!" remarked the seedy man after a momentary inspection. "This is a queer go. Where the deuce do you come from? The skies?"

His prisoner made a furious movement but failed to free himself.

"Suppose I did?" he said.

"I don't intend to suppose anything about it," was the reply. "I intend to know."

"You do? And what business of yours may it be pray?"

"The most important in the world. People don't fall on my head and smash my hat for nothing I can assure you."

"Indeed?" remarked the man in the ulster with a sneer. "Well, really, I do owe you an apology for destroying that valuable bit of head gear. Permit me to indemnify you."

And after fumbling in the fob of his ulster he tossed half a dozen silver dollars at his captor's feet.

The seedy man made an involuntary movement to pick the coins up and in doing so loosened his grasp upon his prisoner.

The latter took instantaneous advantage of the chance.

His clenched right hand struck the impecunious stranger behind the left ear of his bent head with a force that prostrated him, half stunned.

He was on his knees in a moment again but his assailant had vanished.

What with the driving snow and the noises of the tempest all sight or sound of him was swallowed up and with a fierce imprecation the victim of his swift and resolute blow gained his feet and rubbed his aching head.

"You'll have to be quicker next time," he murmured, "and it will be bad for your health if you're not. But I might as well flit on to your money."

And he stooped to look for the scattered coins.

They had buried themselves in the snow, but on the very spot where the falling flakes were swiftly blotting out the vanished man's footprints lay something which the shabby man reached for with a curious exclamation.

He had no sooner touched it than he dropped it again with an ejaculation of dismay.

It was a long double-edged dirk besmeared and sticky from the end of the handle to the sharp point of the keen blade with still uncongealed blood!

Hardened, calloused as he was by the vic-

situdes of his miserable life, the man felt himself momentarily frozen with dread at contact with this frightfully stained weapon.

Then, with an oath on his weak-heartedness, he took it up.

As he did so he happened to glance up the street and so caught a glimpse of a figure muffled in an ulster just turning the corner of Fourth street in the direction of Broadway.

The eyes of curiosity, especially when sharpened by resentment, are keen ones.

Those of the shabby man possessed both attributes and swift and uncertain as the glimpse he got of it by the storm-dimmed lamp-light was, he recognized the figure.

"It's him," he cried, "and by God! I'll know more about this affair before he slips me again."

And holding the knife half concealed in his sleeve he darted after his mysterious enemy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE BIGGEST LIE ON RECORD.

An Ostrich which Met With an Untimely Fate.

Mr. Whitmarsh, of New Orleans, La., has a friend in Western Texas who is engaged in the business known as ostrich farming, and this friend took it into his head to make Mr. Whitmarsh a present. He therefore selected a fine gentleman ostrich and shipped it to Mr. Whitmarsh. He also wrote a full account of the habits of the bird, and the letter arriving several days ahead of the ostrich, Mr. Whitmarsh had time to prepare for the expected guest.

He bought several four-horse wagon loads of sawdust and about half a schooner load of sand, and, after mixing them well together, spread the mixture on part of a vacant lot he had inclosed. He put wire netting around the top of the fence for fear the bird might jump it, and, everything being ready, the arrival of the ostrich was anxiously looked for.

The bird arrived in due season and was lodged in the inclosure provided for him. The first thing in order was something to eat for the ostrich, and for the first time it occurred to Whitmarsh that he knew nothing about the ostriches. His friend had neglected to inform him on that point, and none of the neighbors could furnish any information. In this emergency Mrs. Whitmarsh remembered that she had a Zell's Encyclopedia, presented to her by Mr. Whitmarsh in his courting days, and the book was immediately resorted to, but it failed to give the desired information, merely saying that ostriches had been known to eat nails, etc., and it was said had eaten hot bullets fresh from the mould without apparent inconvenience.

While the encyclopedia was being consulted the ostrich had quietly made a meal of a pile of old tin cans that happened to be in one corner of the inclosure, and the matter of that meal was thus satisfactorily settled. The ostrich had not thoroughly satisfied his appetite, however, for he swallowed a couple of half gallon jugs and a broken iron pump handle that were in the inclosure before he settled himself for the night. After seeing the bird lying comfortably in the shed that had been prepared for him, and apparently fixed for sleep, Whitmarsh retired to bed with his mind at ease, knowing that he could, on the sort of material on which he had made his supper, easily supply him with provisions for the next six months at a trifling cost.

The next morning Whitmarsh arose at his usual hour and went to look at his ostrich. To his surprise he found the bird in the yard, having eaten the wire netting that had been placed around the fence, and somehow managed to surmount the fence. The bird was swallowing the last pair of fire-dogs as Whitmarsh appeared upon the scene. An old shed behind the house was used as a sort of storehouse for rough articles, and the ostrich entered the shed and made a breakfast before the astonished Whitmarsh. A pair of flat-irons, a grindstone, a patent wringer and an old scythe disappeared down the throat of the ostrich in rapid succession.

Mrs. Whitmarsh made her appearance about this time and watched this strange breakfast with the greatest interest; several of the neighbors appeared also, but no one seemed to notice anything but the ostrich, who next entered the kitchen and leisurely proceeded to clear the walls of the articles hanging thereon, a fluting iron, an egg beater and a patent broiler being quickly and easily disposed of.

Whitmarsh became alarmed at this destruction of valuable property, and attempted to drive the bird out, but the ostrich stretched out its neck and hissed, at the same time flapping his wings and betraying other signs of a rising temper, which caused Whitmarsh to become alarmed and send out for help.

The ostrich swallowed about one and a half dozen eggs that were on the table intended for the breakfast of the family, and then seeing a small coal oil stove, on which some food for the baby was cooking, bolted that. Some muffin rings hanging on the wall caught the bird's eye and were sent to join the general breakfast fund already swallowed by the bird, and the list was successively increased by a rolling pin, a couple of old pickle bottles, several fancy cake cutters, an old shoe, a milk strainer, a butcher knife, a small basket full of

clothes pins, and finally, an elbow of stovepipe belonging to a small stove.

The ostrich could not swallow the elbow of stovepipe, but it stuck in his throat, with the end about six inches out of his mouth. By this time the rolling pin swallowed by the ostrich had taken fire from the gas stove, and a stream of smoke issued from the ostrich's mouth, which so alarmed the bird that he ran out of the house and took refuge in the woodshed.

The clothes pins must have caught on fire about this time, for the smoke from the stovepipe elbow increased to such an extent that an alarm of fire was given, and, several engines appearing on the scene, deluged the woodshed with water, and one pipeman happening to see the end of the stovepipe, with the smoke issuing from it, directed a stream of water immediately into the stovepipe, with such effect as to not only put out the fire, but also to drown the ostrich.

Whitmarsh don't know whether to grieve for the loss of his pet, or rejoice at being relieved of such a destructive bird, and until he makes up his mind about it he does not intend to say anything to his Texas friend about his loss, for fear he might send another.

## A ST. LOUIS ROMANCE.

A Western Heiress Married to the Poor Young Man of Her Choice.

St. Louis society has had something to talk about in the repetition of a marriage ceremony. Miss Carrie Bradford was not only a beauty, but what is more to the purpose in the West, a belle. She made her debut last winter just after returning from boarding school. She was young and the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bradford, whose stone-front mansion, with its spacious lawns, massive stone steps and walls, adorns the northwest corner of Thirty-fifth and Pine streets. She is a brunette, with glossy jet hair that curls, and when parted on the side makes her look not very unlike Lord Byron. Miss Bradford became acquainted with Alfred Ryan, son of Thomas Ryan, of 2,710 Locust street, fell in love with him and accepted him as her intended husband. The parents objected on the ground that Mr. Ryan resided with his father, had no fortune and had no particular occupation. Ryan was forbidden the house and Miss Bradford was sent to Virginia. The day before her departure Miss Bradford sought her friend, Miss Sibyl Rex, and went to the residence of the Rev. John A. Wilson, of the First United Presbyterian Church. Ryan reached the same place about the same time, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Bieding. The clergyman had his prayer book out and in the presence of Miss Rex and Mr. Bieding as witnesses Mr. Ryan and Miss Carrie Bradford were solemnly and firmly married. Not a word was said about the marriage to anybody. That night Miss Bradford left for White Sulphur Springs. She remained at the Virginia resort until a few days ago and when she got back Mr. Ryan called at the Bradford mansion and was refused admission. In a last desperate effort he demanded that he be allowed to see his wife. This was an astonisher for the Bradfords. They consulted together, their doors were opened and their son-in-law was reluctantly received. After discussing the situation it was agreed to have a second ceremony performed, and as a result on Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ryan were remarried by the Rev. George A. Lofton of the Second Baptist Church, at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of friends. The newspapers had an account of the wedding next day and the young couple immediately made their home, where it is still, in the Bradford mansion.

## THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A MINE.

A prominent New York physician says that twenty years ago he was in Chicago and was called to attend the deathbed of an old Mexican. The doctor remained faithfully at his side until he drew his last breath, and just before the old man died he said:

"Doctor, may God reward you for your kindness to me. I have no money to give you, but I can tell you a secret known to me only, which may some time prove valuable to you." In a faint voice he then told of how he had become possessed of the exact locality of one of the lost mines in Mexico, which had not been worked for more than a century, and he gave the physician the maps showing the situation, which he had been carrying about with him, being too poor himself to use the knowledge for his own advantage, but always hoping to find some one to buy his valuable secret. The physician thought little of the matter at the time, nor until many years afterward. Within a year he has been there with a partner and bought the land where his maps said the mine would be found without disclosing why he wanted that tract. The mine was found, has been successfully worked, and has proved one of the richest mines in Mexico.

At Bakersville, Cal., recently, three trials in succession resulted as follows: A man who killed another in the latter's own house was acquitted; a man who shot at another twice with intent to kill, and missed his mark, was fined \$150, and a third, who tried to steal a watch, was sent to the penitentiary for ten years.





DEAD WITHIN AN HOUR OF HIS VICTIM.

THE SPEEDY MANNER IN WHICH AN EXCITED POPULACE AVENGED THE MURDER OF GEORGE GROSS NEAR HERMITAGE, LA.

**Chief of the Navajos.**

Manuelito, chief of the Navajo tribe of Indians, has won the good will of the settlers in New Mexico. Through untiring efforts, and aided by his wife, he prevented his tribe from joining the Apaches in their recent outbreak, and succeeded

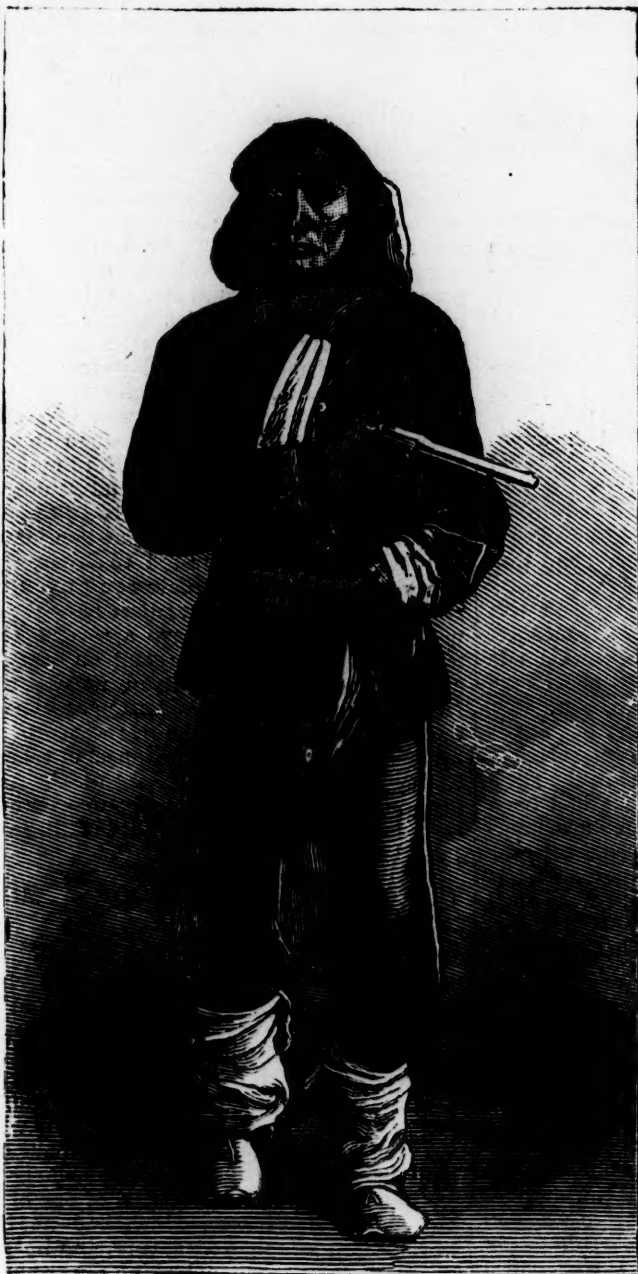
tier posts are regarded by army officers as of great service. Possessed of all the daring and cunning of the red men, fully armed with the best of rifles, they form a corps that is of inestimable benefit. They are faithful enough when fighting any tribe save their own, and it is hardly to be expected that they would stick to Uncle Sam, when their own feelings are enlisted against him. Bushie and Chi-Pan are attached to Company B, Fifth Infantry, and are well liked by the rank and file. They are both daring men and skillful scouts, and more than once have rendered efficient service by securing information of hostile movements among the Indians on the reservation.

with his charge, the Justice of the Peace accompanying them as far as Lieux's store. There they separated at about 7 p.m., the Justice returning home, while the constable, who was on horseback, and the prisoner on foot, made their way to the jail.

The rest of the story is told by J. P. Davis, the special con-

**Given Short Shrift.**

On Saturday, Nov. 19, about 3 p.m., a difficulty occurred in the store of Ovide Lieux, near Hermitage, parish of Pointe Coupee, La., between two white men, brothers-in-law, named respectively George Gross and Emile Stanley. Both had been drinking pretty freely, when high words passed between them, which culminated in Gross being cursed by Stanley. This the former resented by a blow and the two then clinched, but were separated by the clerks in the store. After this had been done it was discovered that Gross had been stabbed by Stanley in the abdomen. A Justice of the Peace and several constables were at once sent for. An affidavit was made against Stanley and his arrest ordered. After the arrest was effected Stanley was carried to the residence of Labat, the Justice of the Peace, about a mile and a half from Lieux's store. Here a commitment was made out, after which the prisoner was turned over to the constable, who started for the Court House



CHI-PAN,

APACHE INDIAN AND UNITED STATES SCOUT, STATIONED AT FORT WINGATE, N. M.

in keeping them on their reservation. The majority of his warriors were anxious to join the Apaches, but were dissuaded by their chief. Had they gone on the war path many innocent persons would doubtless have lost their lives, for the Navajos are merciless enemies and are fully armed with improved breach-loading repeating rifles. As it is, they have peaceably remained on their own territory and the inhabitants have been spared the horrors of an extended Indian outbreak.

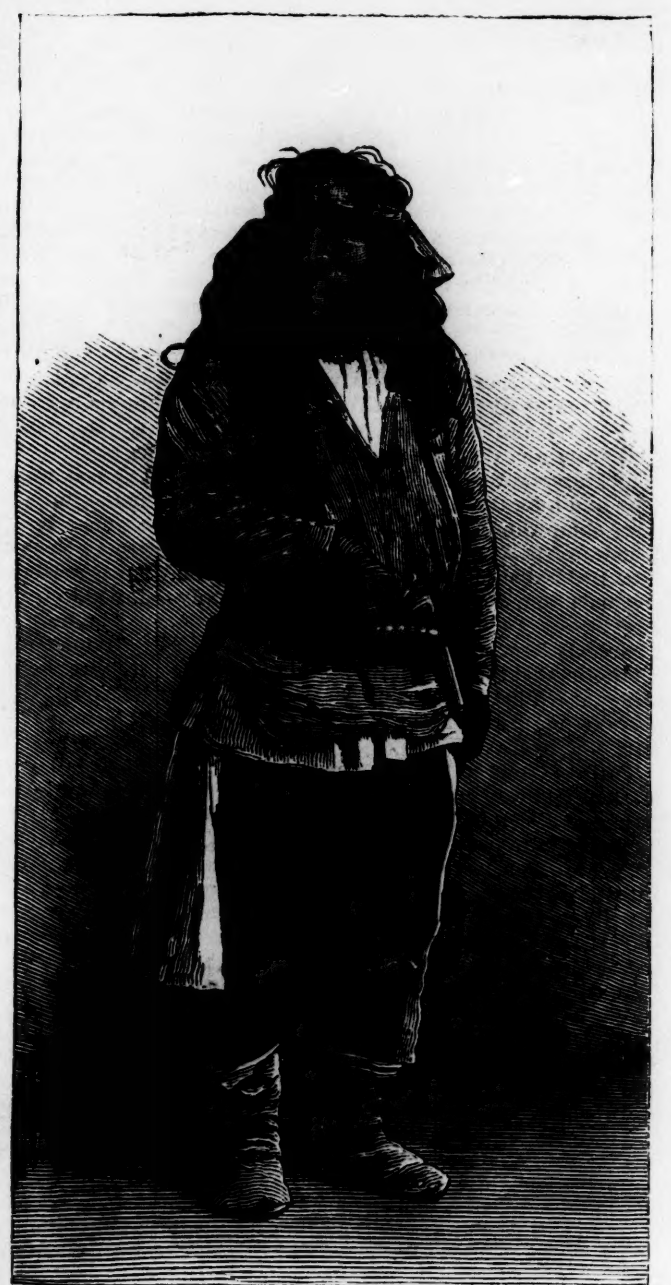
**Indian Scouts.**

The Indian scouts attached to the army stationed at fron-



MANUELITO,

CHIEF OF THE NAVAJO TRIBE OF INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO, AND HIS SQUAW.



BUSHIE,

APACHE INDIAN AND UNITED STATES SCOUT, STATIONED AT FORT WINGATE, N. M.

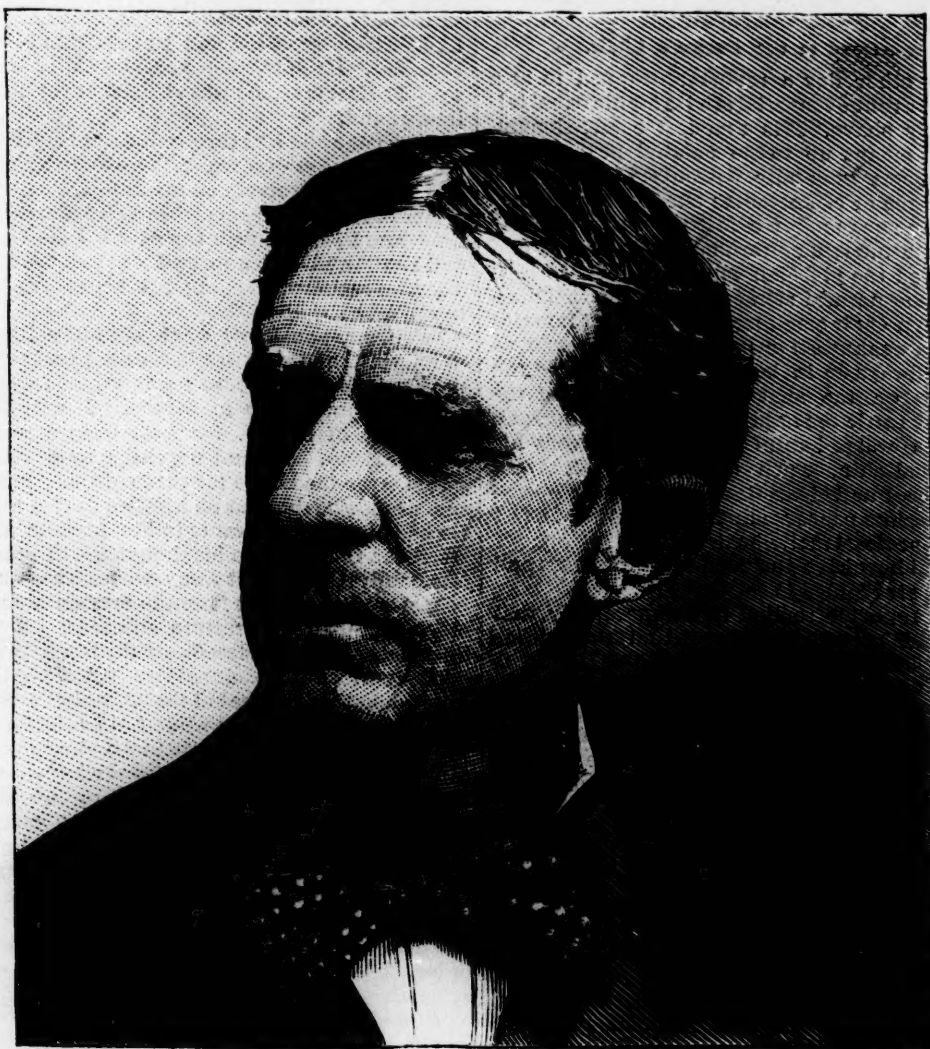
stable. He says that on leaving the Justice at Lieux's store the prisoner asked him to go by way of the levee, as it was difficult walking on the road. This David said he agreed to and that they were only a short distance from the dyke when they were halted by a body of ten or twelve masked men who said they wanted the prisoner telling David at the time that if he did not get out of the way he should suffer for it. David says he at once obeyed, but had only got a short distance off when he heard a single pistol or gun shot, followed by half a dozen more in rapid succession. On reaching Lieux's store the constable related what had happened. After talking the matter over it was finally decided to get a lantern and search the locality where the shooting was supposed to have occurred.





MLLE. RHEA.

[Photo. by Mora.]



JOHN T. RAYMOND.

[Photo. by Mora.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.



CAPTURED IN DESHABILLE.

THE LATEST SENSATIONAL EPISODE IN THE CHRISTIANCY SCANDAL;  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

There they found Stanley dead, lying on his face. Some eight or ten gun-shot wounds were found on his person. One ball had gone through his head, one through his neck and one through his right lung. It is believed that Gross cannot possibly survive.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

## JOHN T. RAYMOND.

Long before he leaped into fame and fortune as "Colonel Mulberry Sellers," John T. Raymond was known as a sterling comedian throughout the United States. He had played many parts and played them well ere he found the one on which to base his permanent fame.

Next to "Colonel Sellers," John T. Raymond's enduring popularity rests upon his impersonation of "Fresh, the American," in the drama of that name, which he is now impersonating throughout the country.

In connection with both his best known parts Mr. Raymond may be said to have "made" the plays they are framed in. Without them those plays would be flat, and in any other hands than his the characters which relieve them of that odium would be insipid. It is the actor's art and personal magnetism alone which make them what they are--successes.

Genial, both on and off the stage, Mr. Raymond radiates an infection of personal good humor in all his connections, public and social. When he laughs, his audiences laugh with him, and on the rare occasions when he does not indulge in cachinnation they laugh to see him in a sober mood.

Without being a low comedian, John T. Raymond exercises a power of awakening mirth few low comedians possess. He fills his impersonations with the rollicking fun of Burton, without permitting it to mar the finer art of the character-comedian in which he is supreme.

## MLLE. RHEA.

This young actress whom the Brooklyn public first enjoyed the treat of seeing in America, and who is now impersonating her roles at Booth's Theatre, New York, is a worth addition to the roll of foreign artists who have made us acquainted with their powers.

An actress of the French school, but with a force and sentiment peculiarly her own, she combines with the polished art of a Modjeska a fire like that of Bernhardt in her most spirited roles.

Her initial appearances stamped her a success, a verdict which subsequent audiences have fully endorsed. Her cis-Atlantic future promises to be as bright a one as her native past has been.

Not the least romantic feature of her appearance among us is that the same artist whom American hands are now applauding was the favorite actress of the greatest despot of modern times, and that the art the free citizens of the great Republic honor was equally honored by the Tsar Alexander III.

## Youthful Gamblers.

The dime novel mania was the cause of a



ACCORDING TO THE DIME NOVELS.

NOW THREE SMART SPRINGFIELD, MASS., BOYS REHEARSED A SCENE FROM ONE OF THEIR FAVORITE ROMANCES AND GAVE THE GRAVEDIGGERS A JOB.



BOOSTING THE SCHOOLMARM.

THE GYMNASTIC EXERCISES CAUSED BY A BROKEN KEY IN A B.M.  
RAPIDS, MICH., SCHOOL.

fearful tragedy last Tuesday afternoon at Springfield, Mass., James Morrissey, aged 16 years, being shot dead by Fred. Markham, one of his companions. The two boys, in company with a third, John Brennan, thoroughly imbued with the Buffalo Bill spirit from constant reading dime novels, cheap story papers and an occasional visit to the opera house to witness some blood-curdling play, were engaged in imitation gambling at Markham's house. They had extemporized money out of bits of paper. Morrissey had two shoe horns for a revolver and Markham had resurrected a rusty revolutionary revolver belonging to his father, which lay on the table beside him. Finally Morrissey shouted that the other two were cheating him and that he had "got the drop" on them, at the same time raising the shoe horns. Markham spurned the imputation, and raising the revolver fired, not knowing it was loaded, and Morrissey fell, mortally wounded. One of the boys ran for the doctor and the other for a clergyman and on their return were arrested. Not having had time to arrange upon a story they each separately gave an account of the affair in accordance with the above facts. The shooting occurred about 4 P.M. and at 5 o'clock Morrissey was dead. The affair has caused great excitement.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## Dead in the Barber's Chair.

The other day a reporter dropped in at a Third avenue tonsorial studio for his usual tri-weekly shave. It is a modest establishment, by no means up to the palatial mark of the art rooms generally patronized by reporters in search of clean faces; but the representative was engaged to escort a Russian princess to a matinee that afternoon, and the lofty end justified the plebeian means he took to gild-edge his natural attractions. He settled himself in a chair smelling of antecedent inmates with a weakness for pomatum, and began, as men always do in barber shops, to read the names on the shaving cups. He heard the barber rattle the lather-brush in the mug, and felt a warm hand commence to caress his dimpled chin. Then a deep voice, fragrant with beer and cigarettes, asked in the soothing accents barbers and hostlers always affect when professionally busied:

"And how have you been these ten years and more, sir?"

The reporter replied in a general way that he had been "first rate," and the barber coughed and went on:

"Did you ever write that story about the cat, sir? Lord! how I've laughed over that there affair! You in one chair, and Mr. Ross Browne in the other, and the fat gentleman with the bald head asleep in the last one, and Tom a-jumping for the canary bird and a missing him, and landing on the old gent's head. I thought I'd a died, sir; upon my word and sacred honor, I did."

By this time the reporter's memory had made a long journey backward, and landed him in San Francisco before the glory days had commenced to wane. In those days an event such as the barber pictured, had occurred in the chief tonsorial establishment of the Paris of the Pacific. Could it be possible that this shabby practitioner in a cheap east-side shop of New York was the then prosperous "boss" of the El Dorado Parlors? It could be and was, he said, with a sigh; and then he banged and slapped his razor on the canvas strap as if he was getting ready to cut Dame Fortune's throat, while the reporter viewed in the mirror with his mind's eye a tableau of a bald gentleman with a ten-pound tom cat dancing a gavotte on his cranium, and waited for the story he knew was to come.

"You remember John Sloman, sir," said the barber. "John Sloman of the Speckleback Consolidated? Well, sir, John Sloman was a reg'lar customer with me, as I guess you know. It was a shampoo every morning, a shave every noon and a hair dress every night—never fail. I used to say he was a reg'lar fortune to me. Little did I think he'd be my ruin."

"You don't mean to say you invested in Speckleback Consolidated?" asked the reporter.

"A man don't need to be an idiot to be unfortunate, does he, sir?" demanded the barber with respectful indignation. "It was Speckleback that busted John Sloman and Sloman that ruined me. After the Speckleback got the twist on the Tarantula Hill gang, and the courts ruled the two claims into one, John Sloman and his pardner got ready for a big deal. There wasn't a thousand ounces of metal left in both the mines, but they had been paying big and the public was sweet on them. So what does Sloman and his pardner do but buy in all the stock they could for a big deal. Then they makes an issue of more stock, to double the whole three million original capital. Meanwhile the Frisco papers were a booming the mines up, for every reporter and editor had a hat full of certificates, and John Sloman's brokers were helping things along on the stock board with bids they knew couldn't be filled that made people's hair stand on end. The stock was up to 210, and still rising, when, one morning, the newsboys began to sell a new paper on the streets. It was called the *Asmodeus*, and the very first article on the first page was a showing up of the Speckleback swindle. The editor of the paper was a man John Sloman had had a row with on account of the editor's wife. He had got some bear broker to back him, had gone out to the mines and hunted up facts on the quiet, and when all was ready, published his paper and knocked the bottom clear out of John Sloman's bank account and credit. Speckleback dropped to nothing in four days, John Sloman's pardner went over to Alameda and blew his brains out on the bay shore, and John Sloman had to get the police to guard his house from the mob."

"About a week after this turn of affairs John Sloman dropped into my parlors. He hadn't been shaved since the day of the smash and he looked like a bank burglar. He had a revolver in each coat pocket and his Mexican servant—you remember Dandy? Galvez, as they called him along Kearney street, don't you, sir?—walked behind him as a sort of rear guard. He came into the parlor, took his coat and vest and collar off and asked for a drink of water. Just as he went to drink it he threw a little white paper like druggists put up powders in into a spittoon. After his drink he stretched out in the chair he always used—my chair."

"I lathered him; rubbed it well in. He shut

his eyes, as I supposed to doze off as he generally did, for he wasn't nothing of a talker. When I commenced to shave him he seemed to be fast asleep, but in a minute or two I noticed that his skin seemed to be getting cold like. This scared me and I shook him by the shoulder. He didn't move and he didn't wake up. By Harry, sir, he was as dead as the razor in my hand."

"The paper he had thrown into the spittoon had held poison of some sort and John Sloman had committed suicide on my hands."

The barber wiped some beads of perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand and swallowed with a sort of choking sound. Then he resumed, rattling his brush briskly in the mug:

"Well, sir, you know what would be likely to follow. The thing was in all the papers and the whole Barbary coast turned out to tear John Sloman's body to pieces. I wouldn't have that, of course, for he'd been a white man with me. Me and my three men stood guard over the Louse for three days. Then, the coroner having sat on him, we buried him. He had only ninety cents in his pockets and whatever there was in his house worth stealing Dandy Galvez got away with. The only property his creditors found to levy on was a stock of well-worn furniture and \$4,000,000 in Speckleback Consolidated certificates."

"My parlors were closed up till after the funeral, but I didn't mind the loss, for I was well enough fixed. But what I did mind was when I opened no one came to be shaved except a few strangers. You know what queer fellows San Francisco stock brokers are, sir? The fact that I had shaved John Sloman's corpse made me unlucky in their eyes and not one of them dared trust himself to me any more for fear I'd queer his business. Within a month Spagnoletti, the big, fat Italian on Washington street, had all my business and though I held out for a year I had to give up at last."

"Broke?" asked the reporter.

"You bet," responded the barber, with the broad, manly cheerfulness of the great West, even in the direst misfortune. "I don't give it till I have to. Fifteen cents; thank you, sir. You'll look in again I hope. I know you literary gentlemen ain't afraid of ghosts."

And he commenced to lather a coal-heaver, while the reporter gathered his overcoat about him and started on his aristocratic mission.—*A. J. Trumble in the N. Y. Sunday News.*

## "Over the Rhine."

CINCINNATI, Nov. 22.

Old John Robinson, sitting with a stick in his hand and a truculent eye on the boys who infest the front of his opera house, swore to me the other evening that Cincinnati spends more money on amusements than any other city in the United States in proportion to its size. Investigation leads me to give a good deal of credence to the veteran's averment. There must, indeed, be an immense amount of money paid in the Queen City from year's end to year's end for the relaxation of its populace.

The place bristles with resorts of one kind or another and is girded round its suburbs with them. On half a dozen hills outside the town are great beer gardens where the best of bands discourse good music and first-class singers relieve the monotony of the instrumental programme. There are two big theatres which are also making money, but the real amusement bonanza of Cincinnati is the district known as "Over the Rhine," the Rhine being a canal which intersects the city.

The places of amusement "Over the Rhine" line Vine street for half a dozen blocks. They are of the democratic and, with one exception, rude order, more familiar to the backwoods than to the civilization east of the Mississippi. Some are large establishments with all the fittings of an east side variety theatre. Others are mere halls with a limited stage at one end. To some an admission is charged, ranging from 10 cents up to 25, but most of them are free. The performers include many familiar stars of the variety stage, for the salaries paid are of the best. The performances, though vulgar, are clean enough.

The drinks pay all expenses, of course. Beer is served throughout the house and smoking is perpetually in order. In most places there is a gallery of boxes where the young women from the stage mingle with such of the audience as, by their generosity, deserve such honor. These "stuffers," as they call them in San Francisco, are here denominated "chair warmers." One of them has conquered the soul of a local critic and he is actually puffing her into prominence in her peculiar line through the columns of one of the leading papers.

Sandwiched among these proletarian temples of Bacchus and Theopis is Heuck's Opera House. It is in every way a most remarkable establishment and one which probably could exist nowhere else. It is a theatre perfect in its appointments and handsomely fitted up, where beer is served throughout the house and smoking allowed everywhere but on the parquet floor. It plays every popular attraction and makes money for itself and for them all. A great deal of this is due to the energy and discretion of the manager, James Collins, an old actor who knows the West and what the people want there as well, to say the least, as any man alive. Thanks to him, the management of the house, peculiar as its status is,

has made it a favorite with the best classes. "Carriage company" resorts to Heuck's as well as that which goes afoot, and an Emma Abbott would play as successful an engagement there as she would at the Grand Opera House.

The Vine street Opera House, which has won such an unenviable reputation for itself, is not "over the Rhine." It stands at the corner of Vine and Canal streets and its reflection dances in the unclean waters of the dividing stream. It is a roomy frame building, with bar, wine boxes and the other attributes of the show of its class, but its performances have ceased to be as luridly objectionable as they were. The one I looked in on was a variety hall of a very fair order; not a bit worse than one of Jac Aberle's, while its performers were good men and women in their lines, instead of the broken hacks who burden the boards here when the fair Lena does not feel like doing Camille or Lady Macbeth. The presence of the young women of the first part in the boxes was all that a Sunday school teacher could have been shocked at. But the management does its best to preserve its reputation for loudness in order to catch the rural visitor who likes to take his amusement thick and strong. As he is generally drunk by the time he finds it is not what he came to look at, his wrath at the deception commonly vanishes in the mellow geniality of beer.

For which, by-the-by, Cincinnati could teach New York a lesson if our brewers were honest enough to take one. PAUL PROWLER.

## Thanksgiving at the Mines.

Thanksgiving was duly celebrated near Robinson, Col., all the miners laying down their shovels and picks and taking part in the festivities of the day. The boys and girls construed the words "fasting and prayer" in the President's proclamation as meaning feasting and wild hilarity and a jolly time was had. The old-time sport at shooting at a turkey, which has long since been forbidden in the Eastern States, was revived and some of the girls showed that they could handle a rifle as well as their feet in the mazy measures of the waltz. The men were required to shoot off-hand, but with customary gallantry the girls were allowed a rest for their weapons. The rest provided was a jack burro, which stood quiet enough until the first shot was fired and then he lighted out with his hind heels in a way that would do credit to the trick horse in a circus. The beast was finally brought to a proper understanding of the responsibilities of his position by a liberal application of pick handle, but before the next beauty fired over the brute his hind legs were securely staked. The day was brought to a close by such a wild carnival of mirth and fun as is only seen in a mining camp.

## Exorcising Demons.

The negro faith in the power of voodooism received a singular illustration a few weeks ago on a plantation near Bayou Tesche, La. The daughter of the planter has been suffering from nervousness for some time and the medicine given her having failed to operate, the negroes, many of whom had been slaves on the place in ante-bellum days, became convinced that their "young missus was possessed with a debil, sah." They accordingly consulted an aged darkey who was reputed to have the power to cast out devils, and asked his intervention. He agreed to exercise his talents in behalf of the young girl and the permission of the planter was then sought. Thinking the scene would afford amusement to his daughter and could possibly do no harm he consented. Accordingly the young lady was taken on a straw pallet to one of the negro cabins and after lighting a fire the aged darkey intoned a weird chant while the others executed a dance around the bed on which the young girl reclined. Whether her imagination was sufficiently affected to effect a cure we do not know, but she has steadily improved since the wizard's dance, and the darkies all believe that it is due to the devil having been cast out.

## He Was Sleepy.

If his Satanic majesty models his realms on a New York boarding-house, Hades is indeed a place of torture; at least so says a middle-aged lodger whose room, in a metropolitan hashery, is flanked by that of a pretty young girl fond of a racket, and a spooney young man who is fond of helping the young girl in her sports. Their favorite pastime is to pass notes and kisses from window to window and their protestations of undying love, delivered in rapturous tones, have nearly driven their practical boarder crazy. The other night patience ceased to be a virtue with him, so he got the bottom of a large paste-board box and marked on it, in large letters, "Cheese it; I'm sleepy." Then he tied it to a cane and waiting a favorable opportunity he maliciously stuck his notice between the loving pair. They saw, they read and they yielded. No more do those lovers flirt from their windows and no more is the sleeping boarder disturbed in his innocent slumbers.

## Female Barbers.

The necessary visits to the barber shop is generally considered a bore by the average man. The enforced confinement in the chair, to be lathered and scraped, to be bored by the gossiping tonsorial artist, to be importuned to

buy tonics, hair restoratives, dyes and other nostrums, is anything but a pleasant experience. How different would it be if the innovation, now gaining ground, of having the conventional barber superseded by charming female manipulators of the brush and razor should become general. Two skillful artists have already located on Church street, New York and are doing a thriving business. Their customers are wont to linger in the chairs, and submit cheerfully to all the manipulations from a clean shave to hair cutting and shampooing. But that is not all, there are many old bald heads who find it necessary to be shaved twice a day. The fact that the girls are pretty of course has nothing to do with it. Oh, no.

## A Two-Legged Mule.

A curious scene was witnessed at Atlanta, Ga., recently. On one of the incoming trains was an up-country girl who, on reaching the depot, hunted around for her trunks. After finding them she secured the services of a darkey and helped him to load the trunks into his hand cart. The darkey was about to start off with them, when he suddenly felt the load unusually heavy. Looking around he was astonished to find the girl mounted on top of the trunks.

"For God, miss," said the darkey, "I guess you's too heavy for this culled pussun."

"You miserable niggah," said the outraged beauty, "didn't I hire you?"

"But golly, miss, you's too heavy."

After considerable haggling the darkey consented to do his best, and the novel procession started off. There was considerable indignation among the other "mokes" of the idea of a "culled gemman, sah," doing the work of a mule.

## Crazed by Trouble.

Mrs. Lillie Christiancy, the defendant in the celebrated Washington divorce suit, was discovered late Monday night rushing madly through Louisiana avenue, Washington, in her bare feet and without any other protection than her night dress. She was clutching wildly at her face and seemed to be entirely insane. The janitor of a building, who was closing a door, saw her and thinking her a sleep-walker quietly endeavored to waken her. She shrieked and broke from him and would have escaped but for the appearance of another man, with whose help she was induced to enter a carriage and was taken to her home. Her father was already in the street hunting for her, having heard her leave the house hurriedly. She has been greatly depressed of late and it is thought the excitement and trouble she has been in has driven her mad.

## Equal to the Occasion.

Big Rapids, Mich., has a school marm the residents are proud of. She not only teaches the young idea how to shoot, but also shows them how to get into a house without entering the door. Her name is Miss Lotta Price. Last week she broke her key while trying to unlock her school-room. Nothing daunted, she climbed into a window four feet from the ground and pulled fifty-two scholars in after her. The scene was an inspiring one and was enacted in a pelting rainstorm. Of course such actions can have no influence on the future lives of the fifty-two juveniles who were so unceremoniously lugged through the window.

## Daring Death.

A pathway only eighteen inches wide is cut into the side of Slate Mountain, near Leadville, at a height, over an almost perpendicular chasm, of 1,500 feet. Few men who use it have strong enough nerves to walk upright, but instinctively crouch, or "coon it," as the local saying is. The admiration caused by the daring of Miss Belle Siddons can therefore be appreciated when it is stated that she fearlessly walked along the treacherous path, while her guide crawled. There are few young ladies, however, who would dare do the same, for a miss-step means certain death on the rocks nearly a quarter of a mile below.

## WAYWARD CUPID.

Quite a novel case was recently argued in general term at Albany, N. Y., being the cause of Louisa Cushman vs. William Burritt, resp. It appears that in the year 1878 the plaintiff, a widow, resided in Kansas and the defendant, a widower, lived in Otsego county. In August of that year Tina Cowan, a daughter of plaintiff, at the request of defendant wrote to plaintiff requesting her to return to Otsego county and marry him. Several letters passed between the parties, the contents being on the subject of marriage. August 10, 1879, the plaintiff wrote that she would return and marry him if defendant would give her \$1,000 or \$2,000 in her own name. That letter was read by Tina Cowan to defendant, who authorized her to accept the proposition and sent \$25 on to pay the expenses of returning. Mrs. Cushman on receiving the letter and money sold all her household effects and left Kansas to become Mrs. Burritt. On her arrival she applied for the \$1,000 or \$2,000 promised, which he now refused to give. She was willing finally to take \$100 and marry him but he would not consent and consequently she never became Mrs. Burritt. Believing herself injured she sought advice of friends and instituted a suit for \$5,000. The case was tried and \$1,500 awarded her. From that verdict counsel took exception and carried his case up.



## THE TRIAL OF GUTEAU.

### The Government Rest Their Case, and Mr. Scoville Opens for the Defense.

#### THE RETIREMENT OF MR. ROBINSON.

#### Guteau's Search for a Wife—Incidents of the Great Trial.

[With Portraits.]

The prosecution rested its case against Charles Guteau on Nov. 21, after introducing the testimony of the doctors to show that the President had received a mortal wound. On the same day Mr. Leigh Robinson, who had been assigned by the Court to assist in the defense, asked and obtained permission to retire from the case, thus leaving the sole burden upon Mr. Scoville. In his opening speech Mr. Scoville detailed the principal incidents of the prisoner's life and disclosed the fact that insanity was the sole defense. His manner was impressive and his easy, colloquial style held the attention of the jury. During the course of his address Mr. Scoville was interrupted by Guteau, when he said that the defendant was fond of the fair sex and believed that all he had to do was to ask the hand of any young lady and he could marry her. The audience indulged in unrestrained laughter when to these remarks Guteau said in a loud voice:

"It is not true that I think any lady would marry me. I did put a notice in my biography which the *Herald* published stating that any young lady who wished to correspond with me would be properly received."

The anger of the prisoner was thoroughly aroused because Mr. Scoville in calling attention to Guteau's earnest conviction of opinion said that he never made a joke intentionally, and in this matter did not realize the comic character of his advertisement. Guteau, with glittering eyes and his face all earnest in expression, hastily exclaimed:

"There's no joke about the matrimonial proposition; that's business. I got a response from a lady worth \$100,000. That's no joke, I am sure."

Then he smiled with characteristic self-complacency. When the audience, in obedience to the cry of "Silence," uttered by the bailiff, had restrained its laughter Guteau resumed, saying:

"I wrote her two letters and she wrote me one. You suppressed the rest. I suppose you lied to me. I'll tell you so publicly. I intend to follow that girl after I am liberated."

The remarks of Guteau elicited renewed laughter but were very annoying to Mr. Scoville. The effect of Guteau's repeated remarks was to create a scene as remarkable for novelty as it was for the prosecuting attorney's injudicious attempt to break its force and the crushing answer that the defendant's counsel so modestly made. It was while Mr. Scoville was reading certain letters concerning Guteau's past life and habits, with a view of subsequently having them proven and introduced as evidence to show the previous condition of the defendant's mind, that District Attorney Corkhill said:

"Mr. Scoville's efforts to get into an altercation with the prisoner are reprehensible, and I do not mean to stand it any longer. It is time for him to play this part when he makes his speech."

This caused some sensation in the room and it was evident that Mr. Corkhill's direct charge that Mr. Scoville was trying to put up a job on the prosecution by making himself a dishonorable party to Guteau's freaks was not well received. Mr. Scoville, who is a gray-haired man well advanced in years, could not but feel the acute sting and realize how nearly impossible it was for him to resent the unkind charge. Pale in feature and trembling in person, his eyes sparkling and his voice deep and earnest in tone, Mr. Scoville, looking the District Attorney straight in the face said:

"If this is not competent evidence of the prisoner's mental condition why have you, sir, in the name of the Government, had experts here and in the jail day after day? As to the insinuation, Mr. Corkhill will get his answer at the proper time."

The applause that greeted this declaration was so impetuous, so spontaneous and so unexpected that the District Attorney and counsel for the Government looked amazed, for they seemed to interpret it as the first triumph won by the defense. The District Attorney could hardly believe his own ears as he stood there in anything but a pleasing mood. His associate counsel could conceal neither their vexation nor surprise. Mr. Davidge frowned; Mr. Smith looked a little startled, but his genial nature could not suppress a faint smile. Judge Porter of New York grew more thoughtful in look. Every eye was directed to the Government counsel. Judge Cox, unmoved, awaited further remarks, while the bailiff or-

dered silence and Guteau shouted to Mr. Scoville, who stood before the jury, "You have lied." There was a pause and then Guteau, with scowling countenance and flashing eyes, pointed to Mr. Scoville, saying:

"I have no confidence in a man who lies. There can be no success with lying and you have lied enough." Mr. Scoville paid no attention to Guteau's remarks, but turning to Mr. Corkhill said:

"Notwithstanding my relationship to the prisoner I never would have come into the case except to lay the facts and real truth before the jury." This announcement was greeted by renewed applause, many persons rising to their feet and betraying undisguised sympathy for the counsel as he stood there unable to check his emotion, but at the same time remaining dignified and erect, as if conscious of his own vindication from the imputations of dishonorable conduct.

Friday, Nov. 25, was spent in getting from the friends and neighbors of the Guteau family facts to sustain the plea of insanity. Most of the time was consumed in taking evidence to show that Luther Guteau, the prisoner's father, was of unsound mind. It was clearly proven that he accepted in full and zealously the peculiar theological and social views held by the Oneida Community, a fact which Mr. Scoville seemed to regard as evidence of his insanity. The prosecution, on the other hand, treated such vagaries as indicating eccentricity in religious belief which did not impair the legal responsibility of those who indulged in them. It was brought out, on the testimony of friends of the family, that Luther Guteau believed in a vital union with Christ whereby death was averted; that he could heal the sick by an act of faith, and the like. He was sincere in these delusions, and at times showed a dangerous spirit of fanaticism in acting upon his belief in them, even going so far as to counsel the sacrifice of one opponent and the death of another.

Charles, it was said by those who knew both father and son, was an exaggerated copy of Luther in both mind and body. The three principal witnesses of the day were ex-District Attorney Reed, of the Chicago bar, and two Freeport lawyers, who knew the prisoner's family. Mr. Reed bore out in the main the statements in Mr. Scoville's opening speech relative to the legal inability of Guteau. From his singular behavior in court, joined to personal observations in other circumstances, Mr. Reed had concluded that he was insane. His pretensions to the Paris consulate, Mr. Reed thought, evinced mental weakness. He did not think him incapable of filling subordinate places in the departments.

Lawyer Ammerling, of Freeport, who followed Mr. Reed, was one of those witnesses whom cross-questioners delight in. He was as sly as S. Bagstock and as wordy as one of George Eliot's novels. The consequence was that he soon became woefully entangled in Judge Davidge's legal nets. Had his testimony been important, or had the circumstances justified banter, it would have gone hard with the prairie jurist. As it was, Mr. Davidge let him off easily.

In sharp contrast to the affable Ammerling was Lawyer North, a very solemn and taciturn man, who for many years was, to accept Guteau's interjected explanation, his father's bosom friend. Mr. North said more than Mr. Ammerling, though he talked less. His testimony was very explicit and strong as to Luther Guteau's strange theological fancies and his occasional symptoms of mental aberration. He had no humor or innocent vanity, and so was tedious as he was useful as a witness.

Guteau acted abominably all day. Judge Cox threatened once to have him gagged, but the warning produced no effect on the prisoner, and his continued contumacy produced no effect on the judge.

Naturally enough it is the prosecution which objects most strenuously to Guteau's antics, but the lawyers on that side are as quick to recognize and avail themselves of his interruptions as the Court or his counsel. Mr. Davidge held quite extended dialogues with the prisoner once or twice, and frequently used the information he volunteered. It seemed rather inconsistent to have him the next moment protest against such irregularities.

The court room looked much like the auditorium of a theatre, being crowded with well-dressed men and women. Many of the latter occupied conspicuous seats and aimed their opera glasses at the counsel, the relatives of the prisoner, and the prisoner himself. The buzz of conversation and the orders of the ushers directing late comers to available places of observation, were hushed by an announcement by Marshal Henry. He appealed to the audience to preserve order during the day, reminding them they were in a court of justice and warned them of any expression of approbation or disapprobation would be followed by an order to clear the court room. This announcement was emphasized by a similar statement by the Judge. Mr. Scoville said that the prisoner desired to make a statement to the Court.

Guteau then read substantially as follows, declining to rise, though saying that he was not afraid to do so:

"I propose to have all the facts bearing on this case to go to the Court and the jury, and to do this I have been forced to interrupt counsel and witnesses who were mistaken as to supposed facts. I mean no discourtesy to

them or any one. Any fact in my career bearing on the question who fired that shot, the Deity or myself, is of vital importance in this case, and I propose that it go to the jury. Hence my personal, political and theological record may be developed. I am glad that your Honor and the opposing counsel are disposed to give a historical review of my life, and I ask the press and the public to do likewise.

"All I want is absolute justice, and I shall not permit any crooked work. I have no idea my counsel want crooked work. They are often mistaken on supposed facts, and I shall have to correct them. Last spring certain papers in New York and Washington were bitterly denouncing the President for breaking up the Republican party by improper appointments. I would like those newspapers to reprint those editorials now, and see how they would look and sound. In attempting to remove the President I only did what the papers said ought to be done. Since July 2 they have been deifying the President and denouncing me for doing the very thing they said ought to be done. I want the newspapers and doctors who actually killed the President to share with me the odium of his death. I never would have shot him of my own volition, notwithstanding those newspapers, if I had not been commissioned by the Deity to do the deed. But this fact does not relieve the newspapers from the supposed disgrace of the President's removal. If he had been properly treated he would have been alive to-day.

"It has been published that I am in fear of death. It is false. I have always been a religious man and an active worker for God. Some people think that I am a murderer, but the Lord does not, for he inspired the act, as in the case of Abraham and a score of other cases in the Bible. The assault made upon me on Saturday last by a crank has been condemned by the press. The eyes of the civilized world are watching this case and it behooves this Court and the metropolitan police to protect me at all hazards.

"I hereby warn all cranks of high or low degree to keep away from me on pain of instant death. He would have been shot dead on Saturday but for the rearing of the horses in the van as the officer was firing. The horses shook the van so that he lost his aim and though the van pursued him he temporarily escaped. I waste my arguments on cranks. All they can see in this case is a policeman's revolver. Again I say, if they value their lives they must keep away from me. I desire the Court and the jury to dispose of this case on the facts and the law, and thus let all parties abide the verdict."

Mr. Scoville again called attention to the fact that he had not yet been able to obtain the newspaper slips taken from the prisoner at the time of his arrest. After some discussion in a somewhat unpleasant tone between the District Attorney and Mr. Scoville the papers were produced. As the examination of witnesses was about to be resumed Guteau again broke out:

"I understand that my divorced wife is here. The fact is that I had no business to marry that woman. We have been unfortunate. If she comes into court to do me harm I will rip up her entire record."

There were many interesting and not a few laughable incidents in the Guteau trial on Nov. 26, when there was an immense crowd in attendance.

Thomas North resumed the witness stand and was cross-examined very closely and at great length by Mr. Davidge. Guteau interrupted at the very outset and protested that there was no truth in the witness's story. Witness was being questioned in relation to a fight between Guteau and his father, Luther W. Guteau. He had a good memory and could remember most everything, but did not recall any such scene. No attention was paid to the interruption and Guteau, after shaking hands and chatting for a few minutes with his brother and sister, devoted himself to the morning papers.

Just as the witness was dismissed from the stand Guteau improved the lull to make his first speech of the day. He said: "I notice my friend Henry Ward Beecher is doing some cranky work on this case. I used to attend his church and prayer meetings, and if your Honor knew him as well as I do you would not pay any attention to him. There are a good many people that think he is badly cranked socially and have no doubt that Mrs. Tilton told the truth and that he lied about it, and I tell him so publicly."

"Oh, well, well, prisoner, that will do for you," said Mr. Davidge.

Guteau was apparently satisfied and nodded with a smile, saying: "That's all right, judge. I have had my say on Beecher. I'm satisfied."

Gen. John A. Logan then took the stand and was asked, "Do you know the prisoner?"

"Oh, yes, of course you do, General," broke in Guteau, "you know me very well: I'm very happy to meet you again."

Witness had frequently been besieged by Guteau to endorse his application for office, but had invariably declined, for the reason that the prisoner did not seem to be such a man as he would care to recommend to any office. He had never known him in Chicago. He first time he ever saw him was when he, Guteau, called upon him to secure his influence. The general impression that he formed

of Guteau was that there was something wrong in his mental arrangement.

George D. Hubbard, a farmer, living near the Oneida Community, knew Guteau during the six years he remained with them. Witness had never been a member of the community, but had worked for them. His evidence was of little importance beyond his statement that Guteau showed quick temper and irritability and was generally considered peculiar. Mr. Hubbard, on cross-examination, in answer to a question respecting the facility with which the Oneida Community inmates could leave, related the story of his aunt Tyrpha Seymour, who was horse-whipped, imprisoned and starved for attempting to get away. This created a slight sensation in the court room.

Edmund E. Smith was employed at the Republican National Committee rooms during the late Presidential campaign, and frequently saw Guteau hanging around the rooms. He thought Guteau was trying to secure some recognition from the committee, but was confident he never received any assignment to speak. Witness thought Guteau very peculiar and flighty, and rambling in his conversation.

Up to this point the proceedings had been rather prosy, and many of the audience who had come expecting to see Guteau's "ex-wife," as he terms her, upon the stand, were beginning to show signs of listless indifference when this witness took the stand. The cross-examination which followed caused considerable amusement, which Guteau seemed to relish decidedly more than did the witness.

Mrs. Scoville then took the stand. She was five years old when Guteau was born, and remembered distinctly the severe illness of his mother just previous to that event. Witness gave a biographical sketch of Guteau's life, commencing with his early childhood.

While the direct examination of the witness was still in progress, the court, at 1:20, adjourned until Monday.

#### WELL AIMED.

A South Carolina Constable Puts the Quietus on a Notorious Outlaw.

A notorious white outlaw, Frank Pierce, was shot and killed in Marlboro county, by T. G. Chisholm, a constable, who was endeavoring to arrest him. Pearce bore a very bad reputation in the community in which he lived, and had during the past two years been implicated in a number of affrays.

About three months ago, upon the occasion of the municipal election at Bennettsville, he had a difficulty on account of politics with one Jeremiah V. Evans, an independent candidate, which resulted in the serious shooting of Evans by Pearce. For this crime Pearce took flight to the mountains of North Carolina, being under the impression that he had wounded Evans mortally. A few days ago he returned to his old haunts, having learned that Evans still lived. Chisholm, the constable who had the warrant for his arrest, resolved to capture him.

Learning that Pearce was attending a dance at a country house one evening, the constable proceeded thither. Pearce, who had been apprised of his coming by a friend, was on the alert, and when Chisholm entered the piazza of the house he was confronted by the man he sought to arrest, who dared him to execute the warrant. Chisholm approached him and demanded his surrender, whereupon Pearce drew his pistol and fired at the officer. His aim was bad and the ball struck a window. The vigilant officer, who had drawn his weapon, returned the fire. His aim was true, and the outlaw fell dead, pierced through the heart by the leaden messenger. The slayer immediately gave himself up. He is held blameless by the community.

#### SHE IS COLOR BLIND.

Martha Hughes found employment in a hotel in Paterson about five weeks ago. She is pretty, and, her manners being pleasing, she made many friends, and the mistress showed her preference by giving her presents. The girl had admirers but did not care for them. She spent her evenings in the house, and seemed well satisfied with her lot in life.

About two weeks ago the proprietor of the hotel engaged a colored man about twenty-five years of age, Stephen Degraw by name. A strange infatuation for the negro took possession of the girl, and the fact became the talk of the house. Her friends remonstrated with her, but in vain. She had conceived an ardent attachment for the negro, and no persuasion influenced her.

He was discharged on Wednesday of last week, and the girl began to pack up her clothing and was caught at it. She unblushingly confessed that she intended to go with the negro, and that they were engaged to be married. The landlord restrained her, but on Friday evening last she went out, saying that she would be home by ten o'clock.

She did not return, and the police were requested to make a search. It was ascertained that the couple were in Sufferns, where Degraw was brought up, and Policeman Gullfoil found them there. He persuaded Martha to return with him to Paterson, and there she was locked up to await her mother's orders. She has a marriage certificate showing that the couple were married by the Rev. T. Y. Yost upon her representation that she was of age. She is only sixteen.





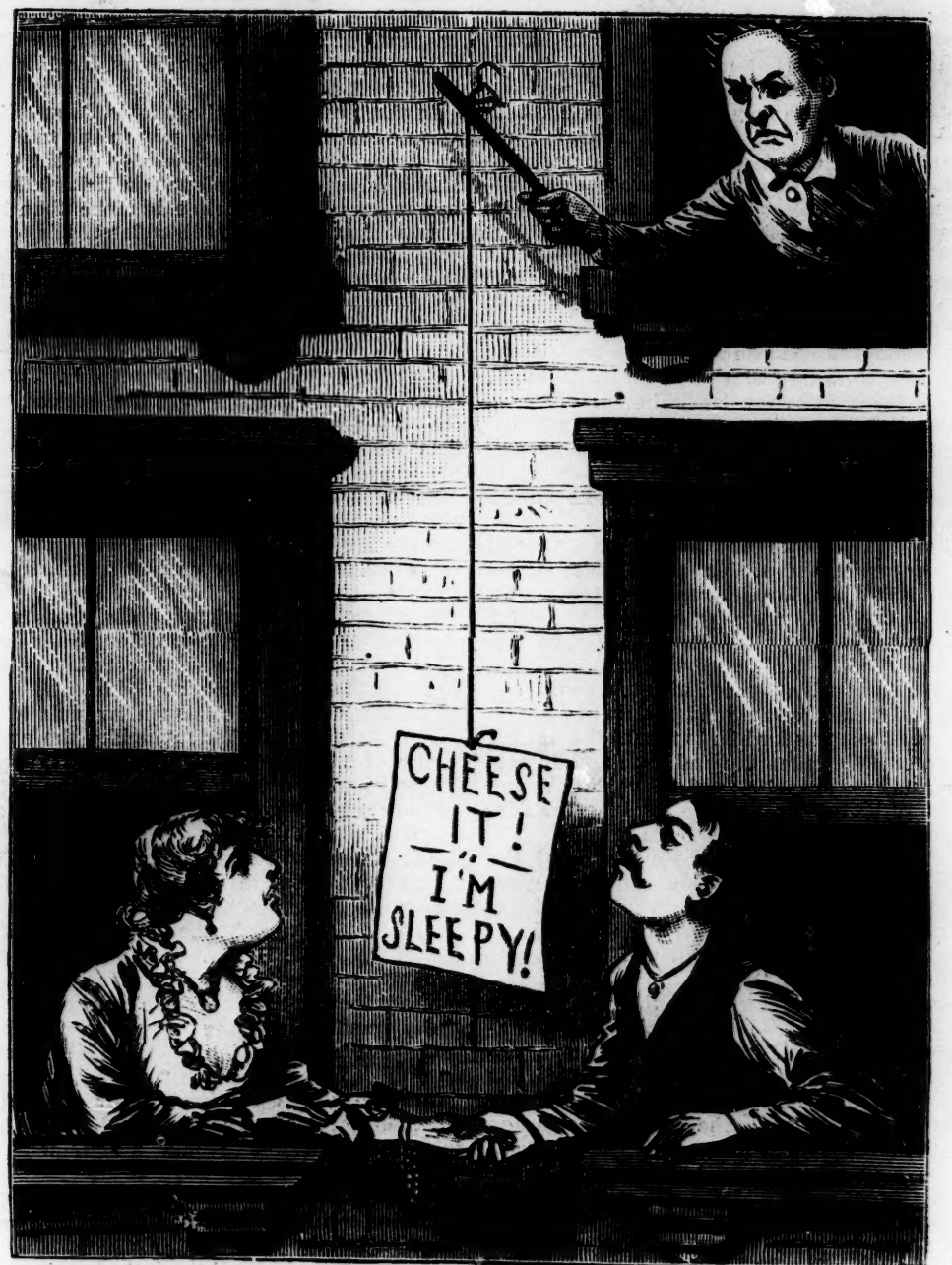
## CASTING OUT THE DEVILS

THE NOVEL MEANS ADOPTED BY SOME CULLUD EXPERTS FOR THE RESTORATION OF THEIR HYSTERICAL MISTRESS AT BAYOU TESCHE, LA.



## SECURITY VERSUS NERVE.

THE OPPOSITE MEANS ADOPTED BY A WEAKER AND A STRONGER VESSEL TO PASS A DANCES-  
OUS CLIFF NEAR LEADVILLE, COL.



## A WARNING FROM ABOVE,

WHICH TERMINATED THE BILLING AND COOING OF TWO TENDER TURTLE DOVES AND SECURED  
A SLEEPY BOARDER HIS SHARE OF THE FAVOR OF MORPHEUS; N. Y. CITY.





1, Judge Cox; 2, Leigh Robinson; 3, Judge J. K. Porter; 4, Mr. Davidge; 5, Mrs. Scoville. JURORS—6, M. Sheehan; 7, T. W. Heinhlein; 8, F. W. Brandenburg; 9, W. H. Bawner; 10, G. W. Gates; 11, J. P. Hamlin; 12, S. F. Hobbs; 13, T. H. Langley; 14, R. Womley; 15, J. Prahler; 16, C. T. Stewart; 17, H. J. Bright.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR THE POLICE GAZETTE BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



## THE MAN-TRAPS OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

### CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Bills will stick together, and a mistake of a hundred dollars is a very common one and specially guarded against. All the larger amounts, however, are handed him, done up in packages, and have passed through three hands before they are so done up. Under these circumstances, a 'short' as big as that seems to me extraordinary."

Shorts of one hundred to two hundred dollars at the end of the six months are usual, so that the amount lost every year in this way by the banks easily reaches the thousands.

It is said that there is always some change about every story as it passes from mouth to mouth. In the same way there is always some story about every change, and every kind of change in this wonderful metropolis, as it passes from hand to hand. Just as in the use of many millions of currency, a few millions are actually used up and disappear; so thousands of dollars of "change" vanish (apparently) into thin air in the fatal moment of transit.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### SWINDLES IN HORSEFLESH.

There is a metropolitan swindle by which the stranger and even the resident is frequently fleeced, which I must not forget to mention here.

This game is known as "the bogus horse sale dodge," and is as old as mock auction sales and other kindred inventions by which the unexperienced have for years been "done."

Investigation shows that between twenty and thirty men are engaged in the bogus sale of horses and vehicles in this city. They are divided into classes, about half their number paying exclusive attention to the Sixty second street and the Bull's Head horse market, where they are successful in swindling men of limited means who resort to them for the purchase of cheap working horses and second-hand express and road wagons. The other half, and by far the most dangerous, are the men whose flaming advertisements may be seen every day announcing the sale of the stock and carriages of some mythical person who, by reason of financial reverses, retirement from business, or a contemplated trip to Europe, will sell his stock at a great sacrifice. Between the two classes there exists as wide a gulf as between a member of the Stock Exchange, and a bucket-shop broker. These men dress well, are glib talkers and always have associated with them auctioneers whose persuasive powers at a sale are irresistible. They lease stables in reputable localities, mostly in the upper section of the city, or board their stock with reputable livery keepers who wink at their operations and thus give an air of respectability and plausibility to their sales. Not infrequently, they obtain the consent of well known citizens, unaware of their true character, to use their private stables for a day or a week, utilizing this privilege by advertising a sale of horses and carriages at a sacrifice, and inducing the belief among the uninitiated that everything is legitimate and genuine, and obtaining prices that could not be hoped for at a bona fide auction sale.

These men will continue their swindling business and they will always find plenty of partners until they are effectually dealt with by the law. Their stock in trade are worried horses, which they secure from all parts of the country, going as far as Pittsburg to buy them, second hand phaetons, carriages and light wagons. Once in their hands they are "doctored," groomed and made to appear young and healthy, their defects screened, and when ready for work an attractive advertisement, such as the following, is put in the newspapers:

"A gentleman, having met with a sad misfortune, will sell for \$400 his beautiful, high bred fast trotting horse Joe Ormont, sired by Ormont, the great sire of trotters, dam the celebrated mare Virginia Gal, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; record, 2:19. Joe Ormont is six years old, fifteen and a half hands, weighing 1,000 pounds; color, brown, very handsome, rangy and finely turned; clean limbs, good sound feet; he took first premium at State Fair, Dakota, as handsomest and fastest five-year-old, beating a field of six horses, and trotting three heats in 2:27, 2:26, 2:28½; he is warranted to trot a full mile in 2:30 or no sale, 'time shown'; is the handsomest horse that goes the road; can be driven by ladies or the most timid person with safety; must be seen.

and ridden after to be appreciated; thirty days' trial to responsible parties. Also top buggy, cutter and set harness for \$300. Apply to groom at owner's stable, No. 10,519 Blank street, between Grant and White Rose avenues."

The bait takes, and on the day of the sale there is a crowd on hand, among whom are speculators, business men and a sprinkle of confederates of the swindler, one of whom plays off the "eminently respectable" banker or merchant. The confederates start the bidding, and rarely does it happen that they do not close the affair with large profits to themselves. The advertisement invariably reads that in every instance a full guarantee will be given in the sale of horses; also, that the animals may be taken away from two to twenty days for trial before the purchase money is paid. In reality, however, they evade these stipulations at the last moment by various subterfuges. If, however, a guarantee is given it is worthless. Then if the victim calls for redress at the place of the sale he is met by another man who feigns ignorance of the transaction, or blandly tells him that he had better find the man who made the sale. An old, broken-down carriage or coupe can be made by them to look like a new one, and to make the description complete they tack on the name of Brewster as the maker, or make a plate, putting any name on it that comes handy. Their impudence is something wonderful, as this instance will show:

The late County Auditor Watson was a great lover of horseflesh, and his stable contained some fine animals. A day or two after his death one of these bogus auction men called on his wife, representing himself as a friend of her husband's, borrowed three or four horse blankets bearing Mr. Watson's monogram worked in the corners. He then inserted an advertisement in a certain well-known morning paper announcing the sale of a portion of the County Auditor's horses, etc. On the day of the sale many well-known horsemen were in attendance, and seeing Watson's blankets over the horses supposed that bargains were to be had, and bid liberally for the animals. They found out their mistake when it was too late. On another occasion, shortly after the death of an old merchant, an advertisement announcing the sale of his horses and carriages was put in the same paper, and before the old gentleman was buried the bogus dealers made a highly advantageous sale of his stock, only, however, in imagination, as the horses they sold never saw the inside of his stable. When the bereaved family of the dead merchant got wind of the affair, they, as you may well imagine, were highly indignant and published a denial, but what good did that do to the fools who paid for the whistle?

I know a man who bought what he thought was a high-stepping thoroughbred trotter, fully guaranteed, at one of these sales, for which he paid \$350. He lived in Jersey, and when he crossed the ferry the horse dropped dead. He tried to get his money back, but failed to find the "broker" who ordered the sale. A friend of mine went to one of these sales accompanied by a thorough horseman, and by his advice bought what he thought to be a good, strong and gentle horse, suitable for his wife to drive. Well, he took him to Brooklyn, and the next day, proud of his purchase, rigged him up to his phaeton and started for a pleasant drive in Prospect Park. Just as the horse got onto the Coney Island Railroad track a locomotive hove in sight. My friend gave him a cut with the whip and then his troubles began. The critter stood stock still, and persuasions, kicks or anything else wouldn't make him budge. The engineer stopped his locomotive within a foot of the rig, and it required the efforts of four men to get that horse on the other side. Of course he sold him, but he lost nearly \$200 by the operation. He tried to find the auction man, but, like hundreds of others who weekly are on the same errand, failed.

Occasionally the bogus livery salesman gets hold of a good animal. If he does, some one suffers all the same. A good horse was sold at a high price at one of the stables. The purchaser was overhauled when a few blocks away by one of the gang, who, accosting him, ridiculed his purchase, told him a "good job" had been put up on him, and other comforting things. The man at last became convinced that he had been "sold," and actually sold the horse to the same gang at a loss of half what he originally paid for it.

As good a way as any to warn my readers against our swindlers in horseflesh is for me to describe a visit I had to one of the sales while perfecting my material for this work:

"Gentlemen, I am now about to offer for sale a lot of fine and fast horses, a couple of A 1 sleighs and several robes, the like of which I can say with confidence has never before been offered under the hammer in this city. You have a rare chance to get a good bargain and it will be your own fault if you don't take it."

The speaker was a tall, stoutly-built man, with a florid complexion, closely-cropped hair, an extraordinary large mouth and a small, stubby moustache which, like a short coat for a tall man, looked out of place and uncomfortable. The place was a private stable on one of the streets crossing Fifth avenue, above Madison Square, from the door of which projected a small staff bearing the familiar red flag of the auctioneer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HUMAN ODDITIES.

A young lady has been discovered at Oil City, Pa., whose feet, the two together, are twenty-three inches long. That makes each foot about eleven and a half inches. The young lady is merely visiting there. Her home is in Chicago.

It is said that the first time Sitting Bull attended a white man's party he made a break for the door the moment a waltz was struck up. He afterwards explained that he supposed an alarm of fire had been given and that each brave was trying to carry out a squaw.

An old negro named J. F. Davids, who was recently acquitted of the charge of murder at Abbeville, S. C., has been on the gallows or at least in sight of them five times, the Governor having interposed in every instance. The last time Davids was upon the gallows the noose had been actually adjusted around his neck when a mounted messenger dashed up with a reprieve. The chances now are that he will die in his bed.

H. A. COOLEY, of Hartford, Conn., after drawing \$500 from the bank the other day, lost \$290 in bills through a hole in his pocket. Mr. Cooley was very busy for the next few hours. He retraced his steps and every half hour or so some friend would hand him \$60 or \$70 which had just been found. From four men he recovered \$280, one giving him \$60, two others \$70 each and a third \$80. Strangely enough he found the remaining ten dollars in the gutter.

ESTHER M. MYERS, who died recently in Philadelphia, had many eccentricities. She was about 80 years of age and was unmarried and up to last winter she dwelt alone in a house at Sixty-fourth and Hamilton streets in the most filthy condition. In her house were her fifty cats, three or four parrots and other pets, whose company she enjoyed to the utmost. She lived on the charity of her neighbors, who sent food to her, but before she would taste the victuals the old lady would see that each of her pets had a good share.

A LADY of Columbus, Ohio, the other day sent \$10 to a friend in Licking county, which she enclosed in a magazine for safety. She wrote a letter at the time apprising her correspondent of the fact. A few days later she went to the Columbus post-office in much perturbation of mind, to state that the magazine and money had not arrived and found that it was held for postage, as she had only put a one-cent stamp on it. It was returned to her and she wisely obtained a postal order for the amount.

THERE is a most disagreeable brigand prowling around in the neighborhood of Smyrna at the present moment. He is the chief of a band of nine who have committed many atrocities, and is described as a veritable savage beast. Some interesting details respecting the recreations of Khakirdji have been given by the unfortunate villager who shocked the officials at the Leodikui railway station the other day by arriving there without either nose or ears, having just escaped from the bandit's hands, after being subjected to this horrible mutilation.

WHEN a case of small-pox was reported to the mayor of Janesville, Wis., he ordered the city marshal to get a red flag and nail it up on the house. Hogan accordingly hurried after a bit of red flannel and a lath and soon hung out the signal. It happened that an old stove and some other furniture belonging to the family were standing on the porch, the house not being fairly settled, and passers-by seeing the array of household goods and the red flag concluded there must be an auction and flocked to the house. The red flag was promptly taken down and a yellow one put in its place, with the words "small-pox" on it, so that there could be no mistake.

A CERTAIN lady in Larned, Kansas, set a hen on thirteen eggs. A few days afterward, looking into the nest, she was surprised to find the hen missing and the eggs gone, and in their stead a huge rattlesnake comfortably coiled up. Noticing the swelled condition of his snake-ship, she procured a spade and pinned his head to the ground. Then with a rake the tail was drawn out and fastened down to prevent wriggling. A penknife soon split the reptile from head to tail and the eggs were taken out. Being carefully washed they were placed under the same hen and eventually every one hatched out and the chicks grew and thrived.

JEMIMA BURKE, of Flemming, Ky., was visited simultaneously by two suitors, Royce and Rogers. Neither was inclined to retire and leave the other alone with the girl, because both knew that they had alike come to pop the question. After two hours' obstinate sitting Rogers remarked that a man was selling moonshine whiskey in a lonely place half a mile away and invited Royce to go and drink some. They went together and got the whiskey. Rogers then said he guessed he would return to Jemima, as he wished to see her alone. Royce replied that he had a precisely similar intention. That made Rogers desperate and he shot Royce to death.

A BURGlar entered the palace of the Doges in Venice about two weeks ago. He had made his way from a door not far from the Bridge of Sighs to the second story of the palace, and

groping along a sill for some distance, had effected an entrance into the hall of bronzes from which he had removed some valuable art treasures. He left behind him a "jimmy," a dark lantern, and some wall paper with which to cover the hole in the wall through which he had broken. A few days afterward a young Dalmatian, who represented himself to be a student, was arrested at a small inn. In his room was found a roll of wall paper of the same pattern as that found in the palace, several burglars' tools and the stolen treasures. He turned out to be an old offender and well known to the police.

ON Saturday night about 12 o'clock, as a street car in Pittsburg was nearing the bridge on its way to the South Side, a crowd of about forty hilarious individuals bound for the other side of the river boarded it. The conductor explained to them that the car was not allowed to haul more than twenty-four passengers over the bridge. He was jeered at. He invited some of them to get out. They laughed at him. He got mad. They made fun of him. He threatened to unhitch the horses. They dared him to do it. The conductor was not a man to be wantonly defied. "Unhitch the team," he dramatically shouted to the driver. The driver promptly obeyed orders. He was tired and wanted to go home, anyhow. One horse was bestrode by the conductor and the other by the driver and triumphantly they rode off in the darkness, leaving the car to its mirthful occupants.

A WOMAN at Bay City, Mich., disguised herself as a man and clerked for a year in a store and then applied for a membership in the Knights of Pythias and was initiated. During the work of the Third Degree her sex was discovered. It seems that in the Third Degree they have an India rubber rat and a celluloid snake, which run by clockwork inside and which were very natural indeed. The idea is to let them run at the candidate for initiation to see if he will flinch. When the snake ran at the girl she kept her nerve all right, but when the rat tried to run up her trousers leg she grabbed her imaginary skirts in both hands and jumped into a refrigerator that was standing near, which is used in the work of the fourth degree, and screamed bloody murder. The girl is a member of the order, however, and there is no help for it.

MOSES THOMPSON became a hundred years old a few days ago. He is a negro and for a half century has been a preacher, most of the time in Arkansas. His people regarded him as an inspired prophet and he ruled them in religious matters like an autocrat. He said that he was exempt from death, but on his hundredth birthday would ascend bodily and resplendently to heaven. A large crowd assembled at Bonoke in an open field in expectation of a supernatural spectacle. Thompson wore a white robe and was very ecstatic, singing, praying and exhorting by the hour. He was to rise at noon according to the programme, and he attributed the failure to a rain storm which was at that time raging; but the people could not be persuaded that so important an affair would be postponed on account of rain and they jeered and chased away their prophet.

A ROMANTIC story is going the rounds about one of the band of "Spanish Students," whose performances were among the chief novelties of the last amusement season. His name was E. de Valencio and he played the guitar. It appears that he belonged to a noble family who owned a large estate near Barcelona. He received a liberal education, taking great interest in politics, which he made his chief study. He soon became known as an advocate of liberty and opposed to the Government of Spain. He was finally arrested as an agitator, but his father managed to effect his release on condition of his leaving the country. Being a fine musician he decided to join the Spanish Students and came to America with them. In New York he received letters informing him of the death of his father, who had secured a pardon for his son, which allowed him to return and inherit the estate. The story is good enough to be true and for the sake of Signor Valencio we hope it is.

TIMOTHY J. MIDDLETON, of Camden, N. J., a Republican candidate for the State Legislature at the recent election, was unexpectedly defeated in a district usually overwhelmingly Republican. The secret of his defeat has just been made public. Mr. Middleton is an attorney at law in Camden and a few years ago assumed the agency for the United States Collection Company, which has its headquarters in Ohio. His special forte was to secure the collection of bad debts. About three years ago Middleton compiled a book in which he professed to state the financial condition of every man in Camden. Private householders as well as business men were rated. This publication was known as the "Black Book." This book was secured by the workers for Mr. Middleton's opponent, and voters whose names were mentioned unfavorably were invited to call and read in black and white what the aspiring candidate thought of them. They came, they read, they went away mad and on election day piled up a majority of 400 against the lawyer. But Middleton's troubles are not ended yet. Cases are in preparation against him for libelling his neighbors, and if they are pushed it will make a big hole in his bank account.



## THE PRIZE RING.

The Great Battle Between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan for \$5,000.

### HOW THE CHAMPION WILL TRAIN.

The sporting fraternity throughout the country were startled a few days ago by the false announcement that the prize fight between Paddy Ryan, the champion heavy-weight pugilist of America, and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, Mass., had fell through; or to use the vernacular, was off.

The report originated in Albany, N. Y., where Ryan resides, owing to the fact that two pugilists, who pretended they were Ryan and Sullivan, fought near the Suspension Bridge, on the border.

As far as the Ryan and Sullivan fight falling through, we may state that Harry Hill, the final stakeholder, now holds \$1,500 on behalf of Sullivan, and \$1,500 Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, posted for Paddy Ryan.

On Dec. 7th, the pugilists, or their representatives, are, according to the articles of agreement, to meet at the POLICE GAZETTE office to post the final deposit of \$1,000 a side, and toss for choice of battle-ground.

Ryan's \$1,000 is already in the Park Bank, and will be handed to Harry Hill on that date.

Ryan is eager to meet Sullivan because the papers throughout the country have time and again published Sullivan's boast of how he can whip the champion. All we have to say on behalf of Ryan is that he will enter the ring on February 7th, and will do his best to win. Sullivan will no doubt also be in the ring at the time appointed.

On Dec. 3d Ryan will give an exhibition at St. James Hall, Buffalo, where he will give a benefit which will no doubt be well attended, as the champion has many friends in that city.

Sullivan recently had an exhibition in Cincinnati, and he intends giving exhibitions in Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis and other cities.

Paddy Ryan, who is at present champion heavy-weight of the world, and who is matched to meet the giant Sullivan in the prize ring, will go into training about the last of December, and will take up his quarters at Rockaway Beach. Ryan is taking care of himself, and looks healthy, robust and strong. In reply to a reporter's inquiries as to the system of training to be employed Ryan said:

"My first object will be to thoroughly purify my system, which will occupy probably a week. Then I will start in on schedule time. At 5:30 every morning I will arise, and after taking a little old sherry and a crust of stale bread I will saunter along the road for three miles just to get up an appetite. Breakfast will be found ready upon returning, the principal food being either mutton chops or beefsteak, medium cooked, with just enough salt upon it to make it palatable, in addition to dry toast and a cup of tea, with neither sugar nor milk. A rest is taken after breakfast for three-quarters of an hour, then the hard work of the day commences. Encased in heavy flannels and with a heavy pair of walking shoes I start on a ten-mile tramp—five miles and return. The pace must be a severe one, and the last half mile of the distance is accomplished on a fast run. I then jump into bed with heavy coverings and remain there until perspiration ceases. I will then be subjected to a good hard rubbing by two attendants, and afterward take a bath in lukewarm water. Being rubbed perfectly dry I don a suit of light clothes and journey quietly around until dinner time, which is set down promptly at 12:30 P. M. The meal consists of roast beef, and sometimes a boiled leg of mutton is allowed. Vegetables once in a while are included, in addition to dry toast and a bottle of Bass' or Scotch ale. After dinner a row is indulged in for about three-quarters of an hour, and then a set-to for a half hour additional. Dumb-bells, weighing 2-2 pounds each, are fondled with for some time. Particular care is taken to keep the limbs always in motion. Supper consists of a couple of boiled eggs, some toast and a cup of tea. A walk around is afterward taken until the time arrives for retiring, which is between 9 and 9:30 P. M. The last effort of the day is to take up the dumb-bells, rattle them hard until you fairly drop into bed a very tired man."

The colors of Ryan in his fight with Sullivan have just been designed, and they are said to be the handsomest and most elaborate that were ever made for any pugilist. They will comprise a white silk handkerchief with red, white and blue border, representing the national colors. In the centre is an eagle standing on a globe the latter colored blue and dotted with stars. In the centre is the inscription: "Paddy Ryan, champion of America, A. O. H." (Ancient Order of Hiber-

nians.) In the left-hand corner is an Irish harp; in the right-hand corner a sunburst; in the lower left-hand corner is an American shield, and in the lower right-hand corner "Excelsior," representing the seal of New York State.

Twenty-nine years ago, upon the 15th of March, 1853, Paddy Ryan first saw the light of day in the town of Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland. In his boyhood he formed a liking for athletic sports and among his associates he was rated very high where skill and strength were the chief qualities.

It was not until he was 19 years of age that he showed a disposition to enter the ring, when in an altercation with a powerful New York boxer upon the merits of the wrestlers Matt Grace and John McMahon, he offered to settle the difficulty within the roped arena. All the persuasion upon the part of Ryan, however, could not induce the New Yorker to come to the scratch and the result was young Ryan quickly gained a reputation as a man possessed of all the abilities of a successful pugilist.

In 1878, when Joe Goss and John Dwyer were fulfilling an engagement in Troy, Ryan and his friends indulged in considerable talk and at a subsequent meeting in a saloon between Ryan and Dwyer the backers of the Troy man put up \$50 against a like amount in support of a wager that Dwyer would not make a match for \$1,000 a side to fight in Canada within 50 miles of Buffalo. The principals and their backers met at the appointed time and before separating a match for \$2,000 and the championship, to be decided between July 15 and 25 of the same year, was ratified. On June 22 Ryan, accompanied by his trainers, Joe Goss and Jack Turner, went to Brooklyn Goss and Ryan having been extensively billed to appear in a set-to in that city. Owing to a misunderstanding about the financial arrangements the two boxers did not come together. Upon the same evening, while Goss and Ryan were on their way to the New York ferry, they were assaulted by a gang of roughs, Ryan being knocked down, stabbed in the left side near the kidneys, kicked in the side and otherwise maltreated. Fortunately, however, after his wounds were dressed it was discovered that he had not been dangerously injured. Goss escaped unhurt.

Shortly after this affair Elliott and Dwyer fought, resulting in the defeat of Elliott after fighting twelve rounds. Ryan immediately challenged the winner, but Dwyer announced that he had retired. Subsequently Ryan and Dwyer met in a saloon and as Dwyer had indulged in some disparaging remarks about Ryan the latter demanded an explanation. The result was both men went at each other desperately, but the conflict was finally stopped by the intervention of friends, Dwyer having much the worst of the set-to. Ryan, being anxious to fight, issued a challenge to fight any man in the world for \$1,000 a side and the championship and the offer was eagerly accepted by both Goss and Elliott. The preference was given to Goss and the men faced each other in the ring at Collier's Station, West Va., upon the 1st day of June, 1880. The fight was a desperate one, but to the astonishment of two-thirds of the spectators around the ring, Ryan knocked Goss upon his knees in the eighty-sixth round by a terrific right-hand blow and, by the advice of his friends, Goss failed to respond to time. The fight lasted 1h. 27m. Although it was Ryan's maiden effort in the ring he proved himself to be a skillful boxer, hard hitter and clever wrestler. Articles of agreement were recently signed by Ryan and John L. Sullivan, of Boston, to fight for \$5,000 and the championship, within 100 miles of New Orleans, on the 7th day of Feb., 1882. Fifteen hundred dollars a side is now deposited in the hands of the final stakeholder, Harry Hill, and the last deposit of \$1,000 a side is to be put up on Dec. 7, when the toss for choice of ground will be made.

### DRIVEN CRAZY.

The New Orleans *Picayune* gives a serious warning to practical jokers. About 2 o'clock on a recent morning a gentleman left his club in that city with a friend and the latter returning for his cane, the former hid himself in the box that holds the balancing weights of the elevator and is called a "lift case." The friend came back and went away disgusted at finding no traces of the jolly joker. The latter, as he entered the lift case, had closed the door. He tried to open it, but could not, for it opened without a key only from the outside. He laughed heartily to see the bitter bit, until presently he heard a noise which he could not misinterpret. The lift was slowly falling down from the fourth floor. He, in groping for the door, had pulled the rope which set it free. Death stared him in the face, for that immense mass of iron would inevitably crush him as flat as a pan cake, and by a slow torture that would make dying seem an agony of horrors. He became frantic with fear. He flung himself against the door of the lift-case as only despair could do; he shrieked for help. His shrieks were heard by the janitor, who found him in a swoon and dragged him out when the lift was only fifteen feet off. A physician was summoned. Consciousness was restored. The unfortunate gentleman sprang to his feet, screamed incoherently with wild gestures. He was crazy.

## HOW A RASCAL ESCAPED,

And a Clever Detective was Treated to an Ovation.

Not very long before the death of Beranger, the popular song writer, says *London Society*, Claude was requested by the commissaire central to look after an escaped convict, an accomplished swindler—one of whose many specialties was the procuring of good situations for needy clerks, which, of course, they never got, after paying in their caution money—whom he had arrested six months previously, and who preferred breaking out of prison to serving his time there quietly and decently. He was then leading a joyous life in the Latin quarter, in company with young ladies of Parisian notoriety. Knowing the individual perfectly, Claude made quite sure of his easy capture.

"Take care," said the commissaire central, with a smile, "he is a clever fellow, who carries about with him a whole sackful of tricks. Don't sell the skin till you have killed your bear."

This observation put our policier on his mettle. So, in consequence of information received, he betook himself to the public ball called the *Closerie des Lilas* at the hour when the dancing was at its height, and soon caught sight of his gentleman seated at a little table and surrounded by a whole bevy of pretty girls, the beauties most in vogue in the Latin quarter. He was a good-looking, dark-complexioned young man, with an impudent and cynical expression of countenance.

There being but two ways of getting the better of an adversary—namely, surprise and audacity—Claude walked straight up to his young customer's table, stepping slowly but firmly, and looking full in the face of the personage, who by a scarcely perceptible sign betrayed his recognition of the visitor. He turned pale; he was caught. Claude had only another step to take to lay hands on the old offender, who, leaning forward, whispered a word or two in the young lady's ear who was nearest to him.

Instantly further advance was impossible. All the girls present surrounded Claude, forming an impenetrable barrier, behind which the swindler made his escape before the guard could be called. The throng of beauties crowded around Claude, pressing against, almost hugging him, and shouting:

"Tis Beranger! 'Tis Beranger!"

The magic name fell on the assembly like the flash of an electric spark. The dancing ceased; the dancers hemmed him in. Students and their partners rushed away from their quadrilles or their arbors, some laden with flowers, others glass in hand. He was literally covered with improvised bouquets. The young men and women deafened him with cheers—"Vive Beranger! Vive Beranger!"

He was completely upset, taken aback, thoroughly done, by his sharp young customer. For he could not announce in such mixed company that, instead of being the beloved Beranger, his real style and title was Claude, the detective; and all because his inoffensive phiz resembled the portraits of the grisettes' poet, while his bald and truly respectable pate was equally embossed with the bump of benevolence.

To preserve his own dignity, he was obliged to retire, with the orchestra playing "La Lisette de Beranger." Best of all, next day the newspapers gave a touching and florid report of Beranger's visit to the *Closerie de Lilas*. Poetical justice compels us to add that, on a more propitious occasion, the adroit young swindler was retaken.

### SCENERY AND BUMPS.

In Nevada, recently, two rival coaches started out on parallel roads, each four-team on a gallop. A New Yorker, being the only passenger in one coach, took a seat with a driver. He endured the first five miles very well, as the road was pretty smooth, but he finally carelessly observed:

"This pace is rather hard on the horses, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! They are used to it. I haven't begun to swing 'em yet," was the reply.

"If you were going a little slower, I could enjoy the scenery much better."

"Yes, I s'pose so; but this line isn't run on the scenery principle."

That ended the conversation until the horses turned a corner, and the stage rode around it on two wheels. Then the New Yorker remarked:

"I suppose you sometimes meet with accidents?"

"Almost every day," was the brief reply.

"Is there any danger of something giving way?"

"Of course; but we've got to take our chances. G'lang there!"

At the end of another mile the passenger controlled his voice sufficiently to inquire:

"What if we shouldn't reach Red Hill by exactly 2 o'clock? I am in no hurry."

"No, I s'pose not; but I've got to do it or lose ten dollars."

"How?"

"I've got an even ten dollars bet that I can beat the other stage into Red Hill by fifteen minutes, and I am going to win that money if it kills a horse."

"Say, hold on!" exclaimed the other, as he felt for his wallet. "I like to ride fast, and I'm not a bit nervous, but I do hate to see horses get worried. 'Here's twenty dollars for you! Now, let's sort o' jog along the rest of the way, and get a chance to smoke and talk about Indians."

"Whoa, there! Come down with you, gentle!—take it easy, and don't fret!" called the driver, as he pulled in, and reached for the green-backs with one hand and for his pipe with the other. Thereafter the New Yorker had more scenery and less bumps.

### THE LOSS OF A LOVER.

Suit Begun by a Wisconsin Lady to Recover \$3,000 From a Fickle Swain.

A somewhat celebrated case, from the high standing of one of the parties, is on trial in the Circuit Court at Hudson, Wis. It is that of Bertha J. Snell, nee Hunter, vs. J. M. Bray, which was sent over from Winnebago county. The facts are about as follows:

Years ago, in his unregenerate days, Matt Bray, now senior partner of the wealthy and influential lumber firm of Bray & Choate, became acquainted with Bertha Hunter, then a voluptuous-looking servant girl in the employ of Leander Choate. The acquaintance ripened into familiarity and the familiarity into love. This ardent affection continued for a long series of years, until, as Bray's friends assert, he harvested his wild oats and concluded to settle down in life. Shortly after he married and laid the foundation of a peaceful and happy home. Subsequently Bertha Hunter wedded and everything seemed serene until the old flame presented a claim for \$3,000, an amount alleged to have been offered her for releasing Bray from a promise of marriage, and to be paid whenever he was joined in the holy bonds. Mrs. Snell, who was placed upon the witness-stand, testified that a courtship continued for several years between herself and Mr. Bray; that early in the '70s he proposed to her and she accepted; that he continued his attentions, taking her out riding, escorting her to parties, balls and theatres and on divers occasions manifested his love. This blissful state of things continued until along in 1874, when Matt's affections began to wane. First he asked her to burn his billets-doux and said he would reciprocate the favor. She did so, destroying some seventy letters. Then he made a grave business proposition, asking her what financial consideration would be an adequate inducement for her to release him from his marriage vow. After due reflection she concluded that \$3,000 would be sufficient. Bray, she says, thereupon entered her home and drew up a note for the amount, payable when she was married. This was filed away, but the conflagration which swept over ill-fated Oshkosh in 1875 destroyed it. Mr. Bray thereupon refused to recognize it and Mrs. Snell accordingly resorted to the courts to force payment.

### A FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

Frustrating the Bold Attempt of a Bird to Carry off a Boy.

On last Thursday morning John Abernathy brought a monster eagle into Monroe, Ga., which he had killed on his place, four miles from Forsyth, on the day previous. He had gone to a field to work, carrying his little son, two and a half years of age with him. It happened that he had his shot-gun in his hands, thinking that he would need it to kill game. Suddenly he heard a sound in the air, which he describes as equal to the roaring of the wind, and saw a large shadow on the ground. Looking up he saw a huge bird swooping down upon his son. As quick as possible he raised his gun and fired and was fortunate enough to bring the eagle to the ground. He picked him up and started homeward, carrying the bird on his shoulder. Suddenly the eagle buried his talons in his right arm and seized his left with his beak. Mr. Abernathy called for help and some neighbors, 4 in number, came to his assistance. It required great efforts to release the bird from his firm hold. When relieved he found that his arm was badly lacerated, the flesh being torn from the bone in several places. The beak was sunk to the bone in the right hand. The eagle measured seven feet and four inches from tip to tip and weighed seventeen and one-half pounds. He was never seen in the neighborhood before and it is probable he strayed from the coast. Mr. Abernathy says his strength was prodigious. He would readily have carried off the little boy had it not been that the father was fortunately armed with a gun.

### AN HONEST BOY.

A boy walked into an office last week with a pocket-book in his hand, and inquired if Mr. Blank was in.

"That's my name," replied one of the gentlemen.

"Well, here's a wallet with your name in it."

"Yes, I lost it this morning."

He received it, and the boy started down stairs, but was halted by the call:

"Say, boy, what's your name?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the boy, as he backed down. "Taint worth your saying I'm an honest boy and offering me ten cents for my trouble, for there was only fifty cents in the wallet, and ma used that to buy some soap and a new clothes-line."





JOE HARRIS,

HANGED NEAR ROGERSVILLE, TENN., NOV. 25, 1881,  
FOR THE MARBLE HALL MURDERS.

## Joe Harris.

Joe Harris was hanged at Rogersville, Tenn., on Nov. 25 for the murder of Charles Brown and a man named Heck at a place called Marble Hall, four miles from Rogersville, on the 22d of Nov., 1880. After committing the murders, Harris set the house on fire and fled. He was subsequently captured, and at the time of his arrest had the overcoat of one of the murdered men. He was convicted last spring and the higher courts on appeal affirmed the conviction. Harris was hanged



ED. WILLIAMS,

ALIAS MAXWELL, THE WISCONSIN DESPERADO, AS HE APPEARED  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS LYNCHED AT DURAND, WIS.  
[Photographed for the POLICE GAZETTE.]



ARTHUR STERN,

RECENTLY ON TRIAL AT CHICAGO, ILL., ON A  
CHARGE OF MURDERING HIS WIFE, IDA.

of coffee. Indeed, it is more than suspected that he derives what he pleases to call his "inspirations" from the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. But be that as it may, a good sized coffee-pot is one of the fixtures of his studio. The other day he fixed the coffee and placed it on the stove. He then went out and left a small boy in charge. The small boy put in a stick of wood loaded with gunpowder, and then called to the pretty daughter of the janitor who has a weakness for the artist, that the coffee was boiling over. Quick to provide for the wants of her artist lover, she promptly responded to the call and hastened to the rescue of the coffee-pot. But alas,



SHAVING A CORPSE.

HOW A RUINED SPECULATOR SAID GOOD-BYE TO THE SCENE OF HIS DISASTERS IN  
COMFORT AND BANKRUPTED A PROSPEROUS BARBER; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



A SELF-FEEDER ON A BUST.

HOW A NEW YORK SMALL BOY HELPED THE PARLOR STOVE GO ON A SPREE AND  
BROKE UP HIS SISTER'S COURTSHIP.

In the presence of a large  
number of people.

## Arthur Stern.

Arthur Stern has recently engaged the attention of the criminal courts of Chicago, Ill., where he has been on trial for his life charged with the murder of his wife, Ida. The case has excited considerable attention, the defence being insanity. The jury were locked up for three days and finally agreed to disagree, they standing six to one on the question of Stern's sanity. This will necessitate the retrial of the entire case, and gives the prisoner another chance.

## Ed. Williams.

In this issue we publish a portrait of the notorious Wisconsin outlaw, Ed. Williams, taken just before he was lynched by the infuriated citizens of Durand, Wis. A full account of his crimes was published in the last number of the POLICE GAZETTE.

## The Devil in the Stove.

There is an artist in New York City who is very fond



"JUST LANDED."

IN ATLANTA, GA., A RURAL DAMSEL ENCOURAGES NATIVE INDUSTRY AND CREATES A SENSATION FOR HER  
TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

just as she reached it, the powder exploded and the coffee-pot went dancing across the room, where it laid its contents on a newly finished painting. The stove lid caved in the opposite direction, and wrecked an easel and seven quires of drawing paper, while the girl flopped backward and screamed "Bloody murder!" as the small boy executed a war dance. Fortunately the powder expended its force on the stove lid and coffee pot, but the artist now gets his coffee at a restaurant.

## Wedded on a Railroad Train.

A train pulled up at a station in Georgia when a couple suddenly stood up in the aisle of a coach, and in the presence of the astonished passengers were made man and wife. The whistle sounded and the happy pair sped away to the exposition at Atlanta. The affair was not, as would appear at first glance, a runaway match. It was only a scheme to avoid the wedding breakfast, claw hammer, and white dress nonsense.





GOING FOR THE GOBLER.

HOW OUR FRONTIER BELLES IMPROVED THEIR MARKSMANSHIP AND MADE SURE OF THEIR THANKSGIVING DINNERS; AT ROBINSON, COL.

#### The Champion Billiardists.

##### "JOE" DION, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE.

In this week's issue we present our readers with a picture of Joseph Dion of this city, formerly of Canada, who won the first prize in the Cushion Carom Tournament, held at Tammany Hall and Cooper Institute. Dion has been before the billiard public for years and held both the billiard championship of the United States and Canada. Dion's skill with the cue in the recent tournament won him great fame. He not only won the first prize, \$1,000 and the champion trophy, but he de-



"JOE" DION,

WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE AT THE CUSHION CAROM TOURNAMENT, N. Y. CITY.

feated Jacob Schaefer, Wm. Sexton, and George Slosson, the kings of the billiard world.

##### JACOB SCHAEFER, WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE.

In this issue we produce the picture of Jacob Schaefer, the celebrated billiard player. Schaefer won second prize in the recent Cushion Carom Tournament, being only beaten by Joseph Dion. Schaefer is considered to be the greatest billiard player in the world. Schaefer is now matched to play 600 points up cushion caroms with Wm. Sexton for \$5,000, and the match will be played on Dec. 29. He is also to go to Paris and meet Maurice Vignaux, the French Champion, in a 3,000 point game.



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

EDWARD SEWARD,

OF KENDAVILLE, IND., WINNER OF THE POLICE GAZETTE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL OF ILLINOIS.

##### Ed. Seward, or Kendaville, Indiana, Champion Pugilist.

In this week's issue we present our readers with a picture of Edward Seward, of Kendaville, Indiana, who recently won the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal at Chicago.

The trophy was first competed for at a benefit tendered to Paddy Ryan at Chicago, when Paddy Golden and Con Morris fought a draw. The medal was again offered for competition at the benefit of Captain James Dalton, Chicago's middle-weight champion pugilist, on Oct. 15, 1881. Four pugilists competed and Abe Wil-



JACOB SCHAEFER,

WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE IN THE ROCHE CUSHION CAROM TOURNAMENT, N. Y. CITY.

liams beat Frank Owens and Ed. Seward beat Paddy Golden. Abe Williams and Seward then fought for the medal and Seward won, having the best of the four rounds, Queensbury rules. Tom, better known as "Soap," McAlpine then challenged Seward and the contest was to have been decided on Nov. 21 at the Argyle, at Chicago, but did not take place. Seward stands 5ft. 6in., weighs 169lbs. and has fought twice in the ring, defeating Fogarty at Cleveland, Ohio, and Reynolds at St. Louis.

In the case of Edward Maxwell, who was dragged out of a court room by lynchers at Durand, Wis., a coroner's jury has declared that he "fell from the court house steps and broke his neck."



## SPORTING NEWS.

## THE MYSTERIES OF NEW YORK.

A sequel to "Glimpses of Gotham," and "New York by Day and Night." The most fascinating work of the year. With 23 illustrations.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

THE pacer, Sleepy Tom, is for sale. He has a record of 2:12 1-4.

KROHNE is hunting up backers to match him to walk Harriman.

AT Auburn, N. Y., O'Leary recently defeated Highland walking fifty miles.

THE bench show of dogs at Atlanta will begin Dec. 13. Entries close Dec. 5.

McMAHON and Kennedy, the champion wrestlers, have returned to this city.

THE racing season in England will close on the last Saturday of the present month.

O'LEARY is going to give pedestrian exhibitions in the South and then go to Australia.

GEO. HAZAEL's challenge to Rowell to go 26 hours for \$500 (a) has met with no response.

JACK PHILLIPS claims the second week in May for the spring trotting meeting at Suffolk Park in 1882.

JAS. KEENAN's gray mare Emma B. will be wintered at the stable of Mrs. A. Bankford, near Beacon Park.

ALREADY Harvard College Boat Club is selecting men to work in the gymnasium for next year's eight-oar crew.

BOTH Hanlan and Ross are expected in England this winter and it is thought that Trickett may follow them.

THE amount of stakes won by American-bred horses in England and France last season was about \$155,000.

A SIX-DAYS' walking match between O'Leary, Tracy, Guyon, Harriman and Vaughn is being talked of in Chicago.

THE winnings credited Mr. James R. Keene by English papers, from Foxhall's success in the Cambridgeshire, are \$125,000.

J. SEELEY, of British Columbia, agrees to row Fred Smith, of San Francisco, three miles for \$1,000, the race to be rowed at Victoria, B. C.

HART, the colored pedestrian, disgusted over the frequent postponements of Ennis's six-day race, has withdrawn his \$100 entrance fee.

DERBY, it is said, has been offered \$1,000 for his services next season, and has, therefore, asked for his release from the Detroit Base Ball Club.

FRANCE's Alexander, winner of the \$10,000 purse at Rochester, and the bay mare Hattie Woodward are at present being driven on the road.

WALLACE ROSS, the oarsman, has had a tempting offer to go to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany, to spend the winter in training a university crew.

ENGLISH sporting journals characterize the actions of Hanlan, Ross, Trickett and Kelley in the late negotiations for aquatic matches as quite "tricky."

WE suppose after a while a match will be arranged for the amateur club-swinging championship. At present the experts are doing nothing but challenge.

IT will not at all surprise us if Slosson beats Vignaux in the proposed billiard match at Paris. It will not injure the French champion's prestige to lose one match.

THE diamond emblem given to the winner of the cushion carom tournament must be held for one year against all comers before it becomes the property of the holder.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD's challenge to row Hanlan for the champion challenge cup and \$200 to \$1,000 a side, on Toronto Bay, has created quite a flutter in sporting circles.

PRINCE, the English bicycle rider is residing at the Hub. He has offered any man in America a start over any distance, but none of the champions have yet begun even to blossom.

THE fifth Great Challenge Stakes to be run at Newmarket contains no less than eight American entries for next season, including Foxhall, Gerald, Sachem and some two-year-olds.

FIVE hundred dollars have been deposited for a match of \$2,500 a side between William Sexton and Jacob Schaefer, to take place within three weeks after the present tournament.

Captain James Dalton, the middle-weight champion pugilist of Chicago, had a rousing exhibition at Turn Hall on the 29th of November, and surprised the talent by his style of boxing.

As the day for the great battle between Ryan and Sullivan draws near the interest in the important match, which is for \$2,500 a side and the championship, increases. Both pugilists will go into training soon.

A PROPOSITION is on foot to form a corporation to be known as the Chester Park Company with a capital of \$100,000, in shares of \$250 each, for the purpose of purchasing the Chester Park property for the sum of \$80,000.

JOSEPH ACTON, champion Lancashire wrestler of Wigan, and Thomas Cannon, champion wrestler French style, of London, are matched to wrestle the best of five falls for \$100 a side, in the French style, in London, Dec. 3.

AT Nassau, N. H., recently, Enos Major defeated Bernard Fallon in a catch-as-catch-can match for the light-weight wrestling championship of New Hampshire. Major won the first and second falls in 47 minutes and 34 seconds.

JOHNNY MAHAN, of Jersey City, better known as "Steve Taylor," has decided to desert King Alcohol's army, go in training and prove that he can whip half the pugilists who boast of their tremendous stamina and great killing powers.

AT the Borough Grounds, Preston, Eng., recently, Cummings, the English champion, allowed Buddie

25 yards start in a two mile running race for \$25 a side. The track was heavy, but Cummings won by 15 yards in 9 minutes and 18 seconds.

ROBERT VINT, the six-day champion pedestrian of the world, according to his six-day record, 578 miles, has accepted the challenge of Charles Rowell to run and walk six days for \$5,000 a side. Vint has posted \$100 to prove that he means business.

JAMES E. JOHNSTON of No. 207 Lexington avenue, who went with Holden to Erie, Pa., denies that Holden was left penniless when arrested with Frank White at Erie, Pa., by Sheriff Styles of Ohio. He says he left Holden \$100 to help to defray his expenses.

IT is more than likely that Charley McDonald of Canada will cover the \$50 posted by James Dalton, of Chicago, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and agrees to fight him for \$1,000. McDonald and Dalton would make a great struggle in the "magic circle" if the stakes were up.

AT London, England, Nov. 25, Dr. F. W. Carver, the American rifle shot, and Mr. Eden, of the London Gun Club, shot at fifty birds, handicap rise, for \$200. Carver stood at thirty yards and Eden was allowed two yards. Carver won by five birds. Score, thirty-five to thirty.

PADDY RYAN, the champion heavy-weight pugilist, returns thanks to Frank Ryan, Barney Mullen, Martin Flaherty, Prof. Wm. McLain, Mike Cleary, Prof. John Clark, and last but not least, Arthur Chambers, for kind attentions during the champion's visit to Philadelphia.

WHAT is the use of Pendragon and the rest of the London sporting writers blowing about George's, the English amateur champion runner's great performance. Nearly every one knows that Myers can beat George at his own distance, 1,000 yards, or at any distance the English champion names he can run.

H. M. DUFUR, of Marlboro, Mass., still continues to style himself champion collar-and-elbow wrestler and issue challenges, but he keeps his pocket-book closed. A champion of any game that is eager to win wealth and glory will put up his money if he means match-making; but this is one of Dufur's failures.

IF the Hillsdale champion amateur four intend to go to England and be successful they must be sure and send in their entry for the Henley Regatta in time. Cornell made a mistake at the start and finished up with mistakes. So no more Cornellism—one dose of Harvard, Atlanta and Cornell is compound enough for a century.

THE record of winning mounts in England for the season up to Nov. 4 shows that in a total of 486 mounts Fred Archer won 136 and lost 290; G. Wood, in 487, won 144 and lost 343; T. Cannon, in 252, won 75 and lost 177; and G. Fordham, in 329, won 60 and lost 269. The above named "whips" are the principal riders of the year.

IF one only knew the mysteries of the cushion carom tournament before it began they could have won money. A "tout" who can gain the confidence of a horse trainer sometimes gains a point worth knowing. Some of the betting ring who had the opportunity "to call at the stable" have made money—but at whose expense?

AFTER challenges and counter challenges Pete Lawler, the pugilist of San Francisco, has been frightened into arranging a glove fight with Jack Keenan, of that city, formerly of Philadelphia. Patsey Hogan, who keeps the leading sporting house in San Francisco, is Keenan's backer. The pugilists are to fight with small hard gloves on Dec. 10th, for \$400.

ONE will often see an athlete eager to win champion laurels make an effort to gain the palm or at least compete and fail. There is more credit attached to a defeated athlete than one who continually boasts but fails to meet his rival. H. M. Dufur, of Marlboro, Mass., who claims he holds the collar-and-elbow championship, when he refuses to meet McMahon, must consider himself in that class.

AT Fort Keogh, Montana, recently, W. E. Tabor and W. E. Shippen wrestled collar-and-elbow, best two in three, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$200 a side. The contestants were well matched in regard to height and weight and the match created no little excitement. Shippen won the first fall and Tabor the second. On the final bout the match was close and exciting and Shippen threw Tabor and won the stakes.

EDWIN BIBBY, the well-known wrestler, writes from Central Falls, R. I., that he will be ready at any time to wrestle William Muldoon, Clarence Whistler or any man in America for \$1,000 a side and the Græco-Roman championship. He says he prefers to meet Muldoon and will wager \$1,000 to \$800 that he will defeat him. If Bibby sends on a forfeit of \$50 to this office it is probable that his money will be covered and a match arranged.

THE Columbia College oarsmen have decided to abandon side-show races, and next season will devote all their time and energies outside of studies to overcome Harvard. A challenge for a university race, time, place and distance to be mutually agreed upon, has already been sent to the Harvard University Club, and the freshmen will be encouraged to challenge Harvard to a two-mile straightaway race, in eight-oared shells, on the Harlem River.

PADDY RYAN, the champion pugilist, will go into training at Lew Courser's St. James Hotel, Far Rockaway, L. I., on Dec. 5. Ryan will be trained by John Roche, who trained the champion to fight Joe Goss and Charley McDonald, the champion of Canada. Ryan was at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 21st ult., prior to his departure for Buffalo. During the champion's sojourn in Buffalo he will make John Davy's "Happy Jack," corner of E. 7th and Canal streets, his headquarters.

IT is whispered that the admirers of Frank Crockett, of Engine 12 of San Francisco, Cal., a well-known amateur boxer, are anxious to pit him against Sullivan, the terrific Boston pugilist. The over-confident admirers of the muley art think that the San Francisco man is the only one in the country that can stand up twelve minutes before the Eastern professional. They are willing to bet \$1,000 that Sullivan cannot beat the amateur in four rounds. If they mean business Sullivan may be induced to take a trip to the Pacific Coast.

A DISPATCH from London says: Robert Watson Boyd, the champion oarsman of England, has accepted the challenge of Edward Hanlan to row four or five miles over the Toronto champion course for the London Sportsman Champion Challenge Cup and from \$200 to \$1,000 a side. Boyd must have surprised himself when he agrees to meet Hanlan and cross the Atlantic to do so. When Hanlan was in England Boyd would not row against him and could not be coaxed to arrange a match. Boyd's new departure will surprise many, but no match is yet arranged.

A WELL contested boxing match was decided at San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 12, between Ad. Homan and Jack Nolan. The latter is 20 years of age, stands 5ft. 9 1-2 in. in height. Nolan stands 5ft. 10 in. in height, weighs 148 lbs. and is 21 years of age. Nolan was seconded by Johnny Manning and Billy Martin, and Tim O'Neill and Homer Lane, the ex-champion wrestler, Frank Crawford and Johnny White acted as bottle holders. The battle was a well contested affair and lasted 40 minutes, during which nine rounds were fought and Nolan acknowledged himself beaten.

WALTON, the noted sporting man, has returned to this city from England. He denies that Sir John Astley offered to strike him and says he won £98,000. Walton says: "The bulk of this amount comes from the St. Leger victory of Iroquois and the Grand Duke Michael Casarewitch and Cambridgeshire triumphs of Foxhall, but I won occasional good stakes also by the success of English horses as, for instance, £10,400 over Nellie, belonging to Mr. Leopold Rothschild. I lost £5,000 when Bend Or beat Iroquois and I lost £1,000 to £11,000 on Lucy Glitters when she ran second to Foxhall."

ENGLISH papers still continue to throw "cold water" on Myer's wonderful running records. Several of the sporting journals state since Myers commenced this unique game of upsetting two records at one start it is not possible to take the first time efficiently. Why, is not stated. Nothing can be easier so long as the distance is accurately measured. All that the time-keeper has to do is to shut up his watch as the runner passes in front of him. The fact that the runner still continues his wild career has nothing whatever to do with the time-keeper who is stationed at the intermediate distance.

HANLAN says that he knows nothing about the challenge published to or by Boyd. Before he can entertain any challenge from Boyd Hanlan says he will have to row off a race, now bound by forfeit, with Ross; also to give Trickett an opportunity, if possible. Boyd, he says, advertises his business regularly by challenges which he never means to stand by. His object now seems to be to get the new Thames championship, which he claimed recently because no one in England would row him for it. The claim was disallowed and now, Hanlan says, "he tries to get the championship by blurring me."

ARTICLES of agreement were signed on the 28th ult., at the POLICE GAZETTE office between Morris T. Tracey, of Boston, and Michael Donahue, of Brooklyn, the light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler, to wrestle collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, at 135 pounds for \$200 a side and the light-weight championship of America. The match is to take place on Dec. 17 in this city. A deposit of fifty dollars a side was posted with James J. McCabe who was selected final stakeholder. The final deposit is to be posted on Dec. 12 at the POLICE GAZETTE office. W. E. Harding was selected to fill the position of referee.

THE following explains itself:

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1881.  
"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

"Sir—Seeing a number of parties challenging others for the amateur championship, and knowing of several said parties, I wish to say that I have a young man, a member of an athletic club, that I will match to spar any amateur in Brooklyn, at 112 pounds, according to the revised rules of the POLICE GAZETTE, to take place privately, or at the POLICE GAZETTE Athletic Tournament to be held under the management of Wm. E. Harding. Hoping this offer will be accepted.

"I remain yours,  
THOMAS J. COSTELLO."

A PRIZE fight was fought recently near Naas, county Kildare, Ireland, in the presence of a large assemblage, by two pugilists, one known as "Leinster Dick" and the other named Emmett, of Dublin. After they had fought 38 rounds both men were so thoroughly exhausted that it was thought the fight had better terminate. Neither of the pugilists, however, would consent to this course, and, although they could hardly stand, persisted in fighting. In the 20th round both men had literally to be carried to the scratch, and at the call of "time" for round 40 "Leinster Dick" managed to stagger up, but Emmett could not respond, so the fight was awarded to the former.

IN the days of the prize ring anxious folks were always endeavoring to ascertain which was the better man, Tom Sayers or young Dutch Sam, Jim Mace or Jim Belcher, Harry Pearce or Bendigo. Take them as we have placed them or mix them up and who can say with anything like certainty which was the better of the pair or the best of the whole lot? Just the same is it with horses. Where is the real down-right judge who would care to attempt determining which was the better animal, Foxhall or the "horse of the century" which preceded him. To begin with, it would puzzle a real down-right judge to determine who was entitled to pre-eminence among preceders.

APPROPOS of Boyd's acceptance of Hanlan's informal challenge to row any three oarsmen in the world next season, an offer comes from Australia to match Pearce, Power, Rush and Laycock, at present the leading scullers of that country, against Boyd in a series of single-scull races for \$2,500 a side each race; and should Trickett return home next season the Australians will include him as a fifth man to row Boyd on the same conditions. There is certainly more money in Australia for Boyd on these terms than there can possibly be in a match with Hanlan and Ross unless, indeed, something "very clever" in the way of a match is "rigged" by enterprising book-makers in England.

HOW absurd are several of the remarks made by the English sporting writers. One foolishly remarks that if the American victories continue in 1882 all the leading English race horse owners will leave the turf. Between three and four thousand race horses are training in England and if they cannot do battle on their own ground with forty or fifty selected American horses untried as yearlings, it had, indeed, better abandon a sport in which it has reigned supreme; but it can and will. Gerald will win the Derby and Iroquois or Foxhall go through the test of the Ascot Cup, which brought new glories to Blue Gown and Gladiator, but the turf of England will be benefited rather than injured if they do.

JUST as the POLICE GAZETTE was going to press we received a forfeit of \$50 from John Neary, of Central Falls, Rhode Island, Edwin Bibby's backer, and the following:

CENTRAL FALLS, R. I., Dec. 1, 1881.  
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Noticing a challenge of John Theurer, of Hamilton, Ohio, to wrestle any man in America, Græco-Roman, weighing less than one hundred and fifty pounds, for the championship, I will here state that I will wrestle said John Theurer, best three in five falls, for \$500 a side, the winner to take two-thirds of the gate receipts, and will give or take \$50 for expenses. The wrestle to take place three weeks from signing of articles. Please find enclosed \$50 to bind the bargain.

EDWIN BIBBY.

ONE of the largest stables of fast horses owned in the world is that of Mr. H. V. Bemis, of Chicago, and he is especially favored with pacers. The latter include Little Brown Jug, sired by Tom Hal, record 2:11 3-4. Sorrel Dan, sired by Red Buck, record 2:14, and Ned Hunter, full brother to Mattie Hunter, a colt of great speed for his years, without a record. Little Brown Jug is a wonder, his record for 14 heats last season being a fraction better than 2:13. The trotting horses in Mr. Bemis's stable are as follows: Silverton, by Blue Bull, 2:20 1-4; Fred Douglass, by Black Frank, 2:24 1-4; Bay Frank, by Pilot, Jr., 2:28; Hardwood, by Blackwood, Jr., 2:34 1-2; Mambrino Sturges, by Mambrino Gift, 2:38; Mambrino Soham, by Mambrino Gift, no record; Bonesetter, Jr., by Bonesetter, no record.

CAPTAIN DALTON came on from Chicago, Ill., on purpose to arrange a match to fight any pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side, and the middle-weight championship. Dalton is the pugilist who made such a grand bout with John L. Sullivan of Boston. He arrived here with Dick Hollywood, the ex-feather-weight champion pugilist. Dalton was tendered an exhibition in this city a few days ago. He called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and authorized Richard K. Fox to announce that he has posted \$50 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE to prove that he is willing to fight and that there is no presumption about his challenge. Dalton appears to be a strong, well-made athlete, and one would judge him to be possessed of great endurance. He appears anxious to mill and it is just likely he will be accommodated.—New York Daily News.

IT now transpires that one of the peculiar strange affairs of the past rowing season was the challenge issued by Davis and Kennedy, of Portland, Me., to row Hanlan and Ross a double scull race for \$2,000 and the championship. It will be remembered that Hanlan did not desire to engage in such a contest, while Ross was eager and almost persuaded Hanlan to make the match. It has since leaked out that the affair was put up by John Hanlan's and his backers' money and the match would have been a fixture had not the champion known that there was a "danger light" ahead. It may be as well to mention that Ross was being prepared for his recent race with Hanlan by Kennedy. If Hanlan had consented to arrange the match he would have lost unless he was able to row Ross and the double scull alone. It was a well-laid scheme and only because Hanlan saw a light-house or the light ahead it would have been a success. Fortunately the bottom fell out of the pail.

AT the winter meeting of the London Athletic Club, on the Stamford bridge grounds, Nov. 5, W. G. George, a well-known amateur runner, did a remarkable performance in the three-mile handicap. His competitors were given starts ranging from 35 to 415 yards fall and he mowed them all down in the most admirable manner, running the last man down on the home stretch and beating him eventually by 35 yards. George is a Moseley harrier. The second man was W. H. Tucker and the third man was G. A. Dunning, of the Clapton Beagles. The winner beat all previous amateur times at 1:14 miles, 1:34 miles and from 2:14 to 3 miles inclusive. His times were as follows: 1-4 mile, 63s.; 1-2 mile, 2m. 11s.; 3-4 mile, 3m. 23 1-2s.; 1 mile, 4m. 37 1-2s.; 1-4 miles, 5m. 54s.; 1-2 miles, 7m. 10s.; 1-3 miles, 8m. 28s.; 2 miles, 9m. 44s.; 2-4 miles, 10m. 58s.; 2-2 miles, 12m. 17s.; 2-3 miles, 13m. 35s.; 3 miles, 14m. 42 4-5s. The previous best amateur times were: 1-4 miles in 5m. 56s., by J. Gibb, at Stamford Bridge, April 30, 1877; 1-3 miles in 8m. 30s., by W. G. George, at Stamford Bridge, Sept. 6, 1880; 2-4 miles in 11m. 5s.; 2-2 miles in 12m. 21s.; 2-3 miles in 13m. 37s., all by W. G. George at Stamford Bridge, Sept. 6, 1880; 3 miles in 14m. 46s., by J. Gibb, at Fenner's Ground, Cambridge, March 3, 1877.

THE regular games of the Cushion Carom Billiard Tournament ended in New York, Nov. 25, Joseph Dion, of New York, formerly of Canada, won the first prize, \$1,000, and the championship emblem, while Jacob Schaefer won the second prize, \$700. The following shows the number of games won and lost by each player:

Player	Games Won	Games Lost
Dion	7	1
Schaefer	6	2
Slosson	5	3
Wallace	5	3
Morris	5	3
Carter	4	4
Gallagher	4	4
Sexton	4	4
Daly	4	4
Heiser	4	4
Games Lost	1	2

The tie games for the third and fourth prizes were played on Nov. 26; the first game was between Morris and Wallace, the former winning in 106 innings. Score—Morris, 300; best runs, 15, 15, 14, 13; average, 2 4-9. Wallace, 262; best runs, 26, 19, 13, 10; average, 2 52-105. Time of game, 2 hours 58 minutes. The next game was between Wallace and Slosson, the latter winning in 91 innings. Score—Slosson, 300; best runs, 18, 17, 14, 10; 3 27-91. Wallace, 220; best runs, 19, 13, 13, 11; average, 2 4-9. Time of game 2 hours 10 minutes.

EVERY sporting man who has figured in the arena during the past fifteen years is acquainted with Joe Ryan, who, time and time again, has styled himself the "light-weight collar-and-elbow champion," but no one knows how, where or when he gained the title. Ryan writes that the statement that he refused to wrestle Michael Donahue, of Brooklyn, the recognized light-weight champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, is untrue. He claims a match was arranged and the Brooklyn blacksmith refused to wrestle with him. Further he states he is ready at any time to meet Donahue and that he can throw him for "love, fun or duets. All we have to say is that Donahue has had \$50 forfeit posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office with a challenge to wrestle collar-and-elbow against any 133 or 135 pound man in America for the light-weight championship, but neither Ryan or any other wrestler has had the courage to accept the deft and cover the money. While we publish Ryan's statement, we do not believe the story and believe it is only a bid for notoriety, for we have seen Donahue defeat the best light-weight wrestlers that Vermont ever produced—Balac and Soules; also Hutchins of Marlboro, Mass. In a bona fide match with Balac, Soules or Hutchins, Ryan would stand just as much show of throwing them as he would to throw the Brooklyn Bridge, providing the match was bona fide. What chance would he have then of defeating Donahue? Hoosick Falls also boasts of a wrestler who would only be too glad to make a match with Wrestling Joe if he would only put up his money. We suppose Ryan's denial will bring a card from Donahue and we will wager a dollar against a ferry ticket that he denies and conclusively proves Ryan's statement is untrue.



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## SPORTING.

C. R. Youngstown, O.—Address this office.

A. M. G., Bay City, Mich.—Toronto is the capitol.

U. J. Ross, Chicago, Ill.—Send on \$50 forfeit and we will publish your challenge.

H. P., Colorado.—John C. Heenan died at Green Station, Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873.

E. L., Omaha.—Send Or, the English race horse, is owned by the Duke of Westminster.

W. E. G., St. Vincent, Minn.—A letter addressed to Gus Hill, care of this office, will reach him.

A. McDonald, Lowell, Mass.—A cannot claim the money because no articles of agreement were signed. 2. Neither can B win.

S. W., Olean, N. Y.—Madison Square Garden belongs to the Harlem Railroad. 2. St. Julian, the trotting king of the turf, strides 19 feet, and Maud S. 18 1/2 feet.

W. G., Columbus, O.—1. Bill Poole never fought in the prize ring. 2. The steamer Alida, years ago made the trip from New York to Albany, 145 miles, in 6h. 21m.

H. S., Auburn, N. Y.—It was in January, 1864, that Joe Coburn issued a challenge to fight Tom King, whose victory over John C. Heenan had reached New York, for \$10,000.

H. P., Selma, Ala.—On Jan. 8, 1858, John McDevitt and William Goldthwait played 1,500 points up at New York for \$500. McDevitt won by 1,387 points, making the great run of 1,483.

Sam, Troy, N. Y.—1. Billy Kelly and Johnny Grady fought at Guttenburg, N. J., on May 7, 1867; 118 rounds were fought in 3 hours and 10 minutes. 2. The referee left the ring and the battle ended in a draw.

R. W., Rochester, N. Y.—On January 10, 1869, Weston did start to walk from Bangor, Me., to St. Paul, Minn., and back to New York. 2. The distance was about 5,000 miles. 3. Weston reached Buffalo, N. Y., on February 10, and gave up for want of funds.

J. G., Smithville, Ohio.—1. In the "rough and tumble fight," as you term it, in Wm. Tracey's saloon in this city, between Johnny Dwyer, ex-champion, and Paddy Ryan, neither won, as both pugilists were separated. 2. Johnny Dwyer and Paddy Ryan are firm friends.

M. W., St. Paul, Minn.—1. The last wrestling match for the Græco-Roman wrestling championship was between Wm. Muldoon and Edwin Bibby in this city and Muldoon was the winner. 2. Bibby is anxious to meet Muldoon, and offers to bet \$1,000 to \$800 that he can defeat him. 3. No.

S. W., Portland, Me.—1. Deaf Burke was champion of England after Jen Ward retired in 1831. 2. Burke defeated Simon Byrne for £200 and the title at Newmarket, Land, May 29, 1833. The battle lasted 8 hours and six minutes. Byrne died from the terrible beating he received. Deaf Burke was tried for manslaughter and acquitted. 4. No.

W. B., Austin, Texas.—1. Hanlan holds the title. 2. No. 3. The first international four-oared shell race for the championship of the world between the champion crew of England from Newcastle on Tyne, and the Paris crew, of St. John, N. B., champions of America, for \$5,000, was rowed on the St. Lawrence river, Lacine, Canada, on September 15, 1880.

S. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Nat Langham whipped Tom Savers in 61 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 2 minutes. 2. Langham's height was 5 feet and 10 inches, and fighting weight 154 lbs. 3. Savers was six years younger than Langham the day they fought, but Langham weighed fully three pounds more than Savers. 4. Savers won first knock down in the first round.

H. W. M., Boston, Mass.—We do not know who makes the best ride. 2. The best time for riding a bicycle 100 miles over an ordinary racing track out of doors, is 6h. 37m. 51s., accomplished by Arthur Bills (a professional) at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, Eng., on April 28, 1880. 3. At Edinburgh, Scotland, J. E. Tierney rode 100 miles on an asphalt course under cover in 6h. 20m. 57s. 4. No.

H. W., Erie, Pa.; S. W., Buffalo, N. Y., and W. B., Chicago, Ill.—1. According to the articles of agreement signed by Holden and White the pugilists were to be in the ring between 6 A. M. and 10 A. M. 2. The pugilists were ordered to leave Erie on boats at 5 A. M., the battle ground being known as "Goose Neck," on Lake Erie, about five miles east of Conneaut, Ohio. The parties did not go to the battle ground named, nor did they appear by 10 A. M., owing to the authorities refusing to allow the boats to leave. 3. Buffalo sporting men proposed the men should fight, and agreed to give a purse if they would do so. The official who had the power to name the fighting ground was not notified or aware of the new arrangement, therefore he was in no way responsible for the pugilistic meeting after 10 A. M. on the 16th of November. 4. It was the duty of the manager of the affair, and also the pugilists, to await his decision in the matter, for that official only had the power to name the next place of fighting. 5. When the men failed to appear at the battle ground by 10 A. M. the match was "off," unless the party responsible selected another battle ground, which was not done.

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